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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

REMINDERS FOR PRUSSIAN MONARCHISTS

ALTHOUGH the German Majority Socialists have been unwontedly restrained in their references to the Hohenzollerns of late, the attempt to make capital for the monarchists out of the funeral of the Empress spurred them to resentful counter-thrusts. A contributor to *Die Glocke* refreshes the memories of that journal's readers regarding a few incidents of the war. Among these he quotes a memorandum of Germany's war aims written by Wilhelm II early in 1917:

> In the name of my army and my fleet: Annexation of Longwy, Briey and the Belgian coast; the United States of North America to pay thirty billion dollars, France forty billion dollars, England money, merchandise and raw materials. The Kaiser to become Duke of Courland. Turkey to receive Malta and several other islands.

When Wilson was still working for peace, the Kaiser remarked: 'The sparks fly when we kings fight each other, but when we get ready to make up, we'll need no President Wilson.'

Prince Oscar and Prince Joachim were rival candidates for the Rumanian throne, which Germany intended to fill after its victory. Joachim's adherents urged that he had written some excellent reports on the Eastern front, and was a good talker. Whereupon Oscar's clique came back with the rejoinder: 'The reports made by our Prince are quite as good, and if he is not fully as competent in other respects, his lacks are more than made up by the qualities of his wife. To be sure she was only a countess, but this would make no difference in a country like Rumania, where she would receive the rank of queen. Of course it is another question whether their children could be recognized as enjoying full rights as members of the Hohenzollern family.'

In the same connection a quotation is given from a letter Hugo Stinnes wrote in 1917, when the possibility of a separate peace with Italy was under discussion:

> A separate peace would mean an end of the Dardanelles campaign and would release large Entente forces for the Western front. Our submarines would lose their field of operations in the Mediterranean and be unable to sink English vessels there hereafter. For this and other reasons, a separate peace with Italy would involve the defeat of Germany's aims in the war.

The author concludes his attack upon the monarchists by observing that *Simplicissimus* was quite justified in its cartoon some years ago, representing Wilhelm II, pointing out the stars in the heaven to the Crown Prince on a clear

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night, and saying: 'Look, there are the orders which have been conferred upon God for his services to the House of Hohenzollern.'

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CONDITIONS IN PORTUGAL

When the war broke out, Portugal seemed in a fair way toward recovering its political stability after the recent revolution. For the first time in thirty years, the budget was successfully balanced and exchange was at par. People were confident that an era of prosperity and internal development was at hand.

After the war came, Portugal sent 70,000 men to the Western front, and 40,000 men to her African colonies, which required immediate protection against the Germans. The country also placed at the disposal of the Allies iron ore, provisions, timber, and two-thirds of her merchant tonnage. These burdens were excessive for a country of less than 7,000,000 people and the new government's finances were soon in a desperate condition. While the foreign indebtedness, including war loans, is not excessive — less than a quarter of a billion dollars — the fiscal machinery is not well prepared to care for it. The taxation system is antiquated and ineffective. The banks are not strong. The natural wealth of the country is undeveloped and its latent resources produce only a tithe of the revenue ultimately possible.

A disposition has existed to exaggerate the political unrest in Portugal, but it is evident that the same causes which have produced economic and political crises elsewhere in Europe are at work there. Prices have naturally risen and the adjustment of wages to the cost of living has resulted in a series of labor conflicts. The royalists have begun to reassert themselves, basing their propaganda largely on the economic distress of the people.

Since the Armistice, the Spanish capitalists have been investing freely in Portugal and German capital is coming back.

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BOLSHEVISM IN LATIN AMERICA

A correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge* describes in a series of letters to that journal, the ramifications of what he characterizes as a Bolshevist plot covering the Spanish-American countries. He cites a series of bomb outrages, revolutionary strikes, and similar occurrences in Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay, Chile, Venezuela, Colombia, the Central American countries, and Mexico, which he attributes to a conspiracy having its centre probably at Buenos Aires. Serious strikes as well as agrarian disorders in Argentina, with repercussions in Paraguay and in Brazil, defy the efforts of the government to suppress them, or to ferret out the source from which they spring. Quantities of Communist literature have been seized in Argentina and Chile; and some thirty-six Communist propaganda libraries have been established in Mexico with books furnished from Argentina and Colombia.

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'A DANGEROUS OIL POLICY'

Sydney Brooks contributes to the London *Outlook* an article entitled, 'Our Dangerous Oil Policy,' in which he charges the British government with drifting rapidly into a practice of 'singling out oil among all other natural products and raw materials and declaring that its development must be the affair exclusively of the government or the nationals of the country in which it is found to exist.' Great Britain, he says, has been in the van in laying down and acting upon the doctrine that 'its oil resources cannot safely be exploited by foreigners, but must be worked by

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the State or by private companies, wholly or mainly composed of its own citizens and financed by domestic capital.' However, the British government has gone a step farther than other governments by entering the oil business directly as the largest owner of the securities of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. He regards this as 'a very ugly rush to the old eighteenth-century notion that a country or an empire can only safeguard its essential interests by keeping the development of its natural resources in its own hands.'

This policy, in Mr. Brooks's opinion, 'undoubtedly tends toward slower and smaller production.' Jealous national exclusiveness defeats its object by restricting supply. 'Depend upon it, if we exclude foreigners from exploiting the oil resources of the British Empire and the mandated territories, foreigners in their turn will do their best to shut out British capital from their own oil-bearing regions and to withhold concessions from British subjects.' The result will be that every oil concession will become an international issue, precipitating strife and ill-will.

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A FRENCH COMMUNIST INTERPRETATION OF BRIAND'S REPARATION POLICY

L'HUMANITÉ, the Paris organ of the majority wing of the French Socialists, is waging a campaign against the reparation policy of the Briand cabinet which is awakening a certain amount of echo in the neutral and German press. Insisting that French plans with regard to Germany are dominated by a clique of captains of industry and would-be captains of industry, this paper says:

The policy of the national *Bloc* is becoming clearer with every day that passes and may lead to a tragic result. It aims at two objects. This double objective was clearly revealed at the London Conference despite the confused way in which the incidents of that meeting have been reported.

It is the intention to deprive Germany of its coal for the profit of our *Comité des Forges*, which controls the whole reparation negotiation. Before 1914 Germany was the greatest coal producer of Europe. It possessed four great fields: Moselle and Saar, Westphalia, Upper Silesia, and Saxony. It had fuel but not iron. That was why its furnace owners wanted the Briey mines. Today the situation is reversed. Our furnace owners have the iron — much more iron than before 1914 — but the deficit of coal is worse than seven years ago, because our departments of the Upper Rhine, the Lower Rhine, and Moselle are producing less than they consume. Our furnace owners want that German coal. That is at the bottom of the Ruhr episode.

Germany has lost the Saar, at least for the next fifteen years, and is going to be deprived of Upper Silesia, which means forty-three million tons annually, and of Westphalia, which means ninety-one million tons and perhaps a hundred million tons by 1922. All Germany will then retain will be Saxony — which is, practically nothing.

By occupying the Ruhr district we shall crush Germany economically. We shall create in the centre of Europe another Austria, with ten times the population of Austria, a running sore in the continent to infect all the world. But what is that to our *Comité des Forges?* Its members will be temporary masters of the iron and steel resources of the continent. That is what frightens England, Italy, and America. It explains the words which Secretary Hughes spoke to our ambassador, words which people here have tried to deny.

If the *Comité des Forges* gets possession of the Westphalia iron mines it will never give them up, and we shall have economic chaos.

La Démocratie Nouvelle, an intensely nationalist journal, rather confirms this. In a recent leader urging the immediate occupation of the Ruhr without English coöperation it says: 'To occupy the Ruhr with England is to occupy it without exploiting it and without the intention of exploiting it. Such an operation will be only harmful to the Allies. It will result in a complete

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fiasco. The Germans are right in not fearing it, but rather desiring it. . . . Since the Armistice Lloyd George has been trying to trick us. He has got the peace he wants. It is a peace which puts the coal on one side of the boundary and the iron ore on the other, and thus prevents concentrating in the hands of a single government the raw materials for a great iron and steel industry competing with that of Great Britain. This is the ideal situation from the British viewpoint. It takes away from the Germans their iron ore, their fleet, their colonies, but leaves France in a state of dependence.'

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MINOR NOTES

FRANCE has resumed the publication of its criminality statistics which were stopped during the war. Naturally figures for the war years are not comparable with those for years of peace. Practically every man able to carry arms was under military jurisdiction, and if crimes were committed they were punishable by military courts. Moreover, civilian crimes were in many instances dealt with by army authorities. When we add to this the fact that large regions of France were under enemy control or in the combat area, it is obvious that the figures from 1914 to 1918 have little more than curious interest. However, these considerations do not apply to the same extent to a comparison of pre-war and post-war statistics. In 1913 the number of offenses recorded was in round numbers 600,000; it fell to 316,000 in 1915, and rose to 525,000 in 1919. Infanticide increased during the war. Feminine criminality also increased rapidly. Arrests for vagrancy and begging seem to have fallen off. Theft has continued to increase.

A RECENT issue of *Oesterreichische Volkswirt* contains an informing article upon the government of Angora, which the Turkish Nationalists and Kemal Pasha have made their capital. The budget shows a deficit of seven million Turkish pounds (about $31,000,000). The revenues are estimated at seventy-nine million pounds, mostly derived from tithes and customs-duties. The largest item of expenditure is naturally for 'national defense,' which is responsible for about half of the total. Kemal Pasha is ambitious to rebuild Angora, most of which was burned in 1915, on a scale worthy of the capital of the country. The location is not a favorable one, as the town lies in the midst of extensive swamps and the people suffer much from malaria. It is now proposed to drain the marshes and to reforest the neighboring hills. Food is abundant but the people do not know how to prepare it. 'The poor bread they bake from excellent wheat causes many diseases, especially among infants.' The government also proposes to extend the railways, having in its possession large quantities of railway material which it has acquired from the Russians.

BELGIUM recently held its first local elections under a new law which permits women to vote, — in fact, makes it obligatory for them to do so. The 'anti's' protested against the reform by casting blank ballots. Many of the new voters refused to respect the secrecy of the ballot, proclaiming openly, and at times volubly, their preferences and intentions. The general influence of their vote was favorable to the bourgeois parties and particularly the Catholics. However, the Socialists were the principal winners, obtaining a majority in 208 communes as compared with 36 communes at the previous election. Their progress in Flanders, which has hitherto been a clerical stronghold, was very notable.

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Dr. Heinrich Kanner, for many years editor and correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and later editor-in-chief of a Vienna daily, *Die Zeit*, has issued a pamphlet entitled, 'The Latest Historical Lies,' (*Die Neuesten Geschichtslügen*), in which he employs German and Austrian official documents to prove Germany's responsibility for the war and to invalidate the series of apologetic memoirs issued since its conclusion by Bethmann Hollweg, von Jagow, Tirpitz, Helfferich, and others. It is, perhaps, the most illuminating popular publication of this kind which has so far appeared in Germany, and is preliminary to a new war book by the same author, to be published under the title, *Die Kriegskonspiration Wien-Berlin.*

We often hear statements to the effect that trade-union rules in Great Britain limit the number of bricks a bricklayer will lay to a very low number. The British National Housing and Town Planning Council has recently made inquiries extending over a large number of areas, which demonstrate that this is untrue. The normal number of bricks laid by bricklayers in cottage schemes is more than five hundred a day. In the Manchester City Council schemes the number exceeds this. At Aylesbury it has never fallen below six hundred a day. In simple wall construction it rises to one thousand a day, while in building flues, for instance, it may not exceed two hundred.

Recent figures of Belgium's death roll in the war, call to attention the very obvious fact that the loss of population is less when a country is entirely overrun by the enemy than when most of its able-bodied men are in the battle line. The total number of lives lost in actual hostilities by Belgium was just over 35,000, in addition to which there are nearly 3700 missing whose fate it has been impossible to determine. These are losses to military forces. Nearly 5000 civilians were killed; 1300 died after deportation to Germany, and nearly the same number died in France.

In spite of the disorders which had appeared in Ireland before June 30, 1920, the total number of rural coöperatives societies increased from 950 to 1028 during the year ending that date; the membership increased by nearly 18,000; the turnover by $10,000,000. Adopting the pre-war standard of prices, the turnover was about one fifth more than in 1914. There has been a decline in the receipts of milk, dairying apparently having been supplanted to some extent by other lines of farming during the war.

Although a regular perusal of the German press indicates that the country is undertaking some large public improvements and building operations, a comparison with pre-war figures shows that the number of new residences erected in the principal cities during the past year is only one third the number built during 1913, although that year was a very slack one in the building trade. In thirty-five of the larger towns, including Berlin, some 14,000 residences and tenements were built by the municipalities during 1920, in addition to which nearly ten thousand were erected by private firms.

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NAPOLEON'S LAST EFFORT

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF J. B. SAY

[Jean Baptiste Say, the distinguished French economist and expositor of Adam Smith, addressed the following hitherto unpublished letters to his son, Horace Say, who had emigrated to Brazil, during and immediately after the famous 'Hundred Days.' They give a vivid and intelligent picture of public sentiment and conditions in France at a time when that country was passing through experiences somewhat similar to those with which Germany is becomiug familiar at present.]

From *Journal des Débats, May 5*
(Paris Political Literary Daily)

Paris, *March* 18, 1815.

My dear Horace:—

It is fated that the world shall not enjoy a full year of repose. Before this letter reaches you, you will have learned that Napoleon has disembarked with a handful of followers near Antibes, in the Department of Var, and, meeting no opposition from the regular troops, is on his way to Paris. He is now somewhere between Lyon and this city. His forces are growing daily and are constantly receiving recruits from the regular troops. He advances with a drawn sword and not a single soldier of the revolution will fire on the national cocarde. That shows what a mess of it the Bourbons made when they came back. They had no hope of making France Bourbon again. They should have made it national.

They imagined they retained a profound hold on the hearts of the people and found, instead, lukewarmness and distrust. The only force behind them is the fear which a tyrant inspires. The shouts of *Vive le roi!* which we still hear, mean literally, *Death to the inventor of conscription and the devastator of Europe!* Within eight days our fate will be settled, and you may hear the outcome before you know the history of the events which preceded it. Do not worry about us.

First of all, the invader seems anxious to win the favor of the people and, up to the present, he has not committed the least violence or permitted his followers to do so. His proclamations, which we have not seen, are the most beautiful professions in the world. He confesses his wrong acts in the past and promises that France shall retire within the Rhine boundaries prescribed for it at Châtillon. He is to lay aside arms forever. He is to obey the mandates of the people. There is to be a truly representative legislature and all that. He will not keep one of these promises, but he is at least paying lip service to right principles, which always makes the trade of tyrant difficult.

May 1, 1915.

I am going to repeat a little for fear you did not receive my last letter. The gazettes will have informed you of Bonaparte's arrival in Paris. If that surprises you, console yourself. You are not the only one. What makes this explicable to a certain point is that public opinion became alienated from the Bourbons very rapidly. The latter thought themselves unshakable and consequently reverted headlong to their old practice of overriding the rights of the nation, the laws, and the habits born of the Revolution; so they

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alarmed a great number of interests and sentiments.

During the last days of their power, and even after Napoleon had landed, they started out to purge the National Institute, expelling every man who had been prominent during the Revolution, no matter how eminent he might be in some science which he had pursued inoffensively for many years. In a word, the same blunders, the same mismanagement, the same lack of public spirit, the same incapacity for business, the same extravagance which you observed immediately after the restoration, have continued and increased. Bonaparte with a mere handful of men, — but enough to make a landing and get a foothold — has surprised and overthrown them.

He had forbidden his followers most sternly to fire a single shot, and when our regular troops, who had marched shoulder to shoulder with his companions only a year ago, saw them advancing peacefully they could not make up their minds to fire upon the French uniform and the national cocarde. Napoleon managed to enter Grenoble by a sleight of hand manoeuvre. The rest was merely a promenade. But when the first moment of surprise was over and people began to reflect upon the consequences, public opinion, without being more favorable to the Bourbons, became decidedly more unfavorable to Bonaparte; and if his landing were to be made now, he would not succeed.

Some people had faith in his promises and expected him to organize a truly national government. But they now see that his purpose is the same as before his abdication; that he will always strive for absolute power; and one can fairly say that now the whole civilian population, with a few exceptions, is against him, and that he has many enemies even in the army — though there they keep concealed. His consciousness that his power is not well-established explains the mixture of impudence and timidity which characterizes his administrative acts. People talk freely in society and even in public.

These are the conditions under which we are starting a war against almost all Europe. It is a war of leaders and statesmen. The people want peace but they will fight out of national vanity. Our poor human race! If Bonaparte were to have a stroke of apoplexy, the bottom would drop out of war and arms would be laid down at once. Possibly the Bourbons would come back for a short period because there is no one to take their place; but with public opinion as it is in France they probably would not reign more than a few months. I am telling you all this, though you may already know it, that you may be informed of the situation and able to judge the accuracy of other reports which may reach you.

June, 12, 1815.

I wrote you on the first and on the tenth of May. This letter will be sent you through a book-dealer in Lisbon, Mr. Orcel, who has bought some books for me to send to Brazil. I have asked him to add this letter to the package, in order to increase the channels by which we may communicate with each other. These letters will inform you of a most extraordinary episode, of which neither ancient nor modern history offers an example or even anything analogous. I mean Napoleon's arrival at Paris. From the moment of that event all the powers of Europe set about preparing for war, and his preparations to withstand their attack have been equally vigorous.

Although you will doubtless fancy that opinion is divided here, that division is even greater than you imagine. There is scarcely a family which is not

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divided within itself. The reason is evident. The question is exceedingly complicated, and our position is such that every policy proposed has serious drawbacks and consequently is open to grave objections. The result is eternal debate. You say you back the Bourbons, and men reply: Then you are backing the foreigners and permitting them to dictate our laws and to collect compensation for interfering in our affairs. You would permit them to take possession of our frontier strongholds and even of our provinces, and to station a large army in France at our expense in order to keep on the throne a royal house which public opinion repudiates and which has proved its will to govern after ancient theories which the modern generation has outgrown — a royal house that reigns merely in the interest of a family instead of in the interest of the nation. You are supporting the king against the people. You are endorsing the spoliation and subjugation of Europe. You approve destroying the liberal ideals and progress of the century.

Then you argue in your own defense: You, for your part, are supporting a savage usurper, bereft of every instinct of honesty, who has oppressed France with impunity, who has done enough even since his late return to show that his only object is to continue his old autocratic rule. You support a man who will plunge us again into the horrors of war, who will ruin our reviving commerce and prosperity which only peace can maintain, and which even the stupid and incompetent Bourbon government has fostered.

Then men reply that though Bonaparte is no better than he was, he is now less powerful. They would cite in support of this the fact that I can write you thus openly. They hope to hold him in check or eventually to drive him out. For the peculiar feature of our present situation is that the great majority of those who have rallied to Bonaparte's standard have not done so from attachment to his person or his principles, but from hatred of the Bourbon government, from fear of d'Artois, d'Angoulême, Berry, and their followers; and that the great majority of those who support the Bourbons do not do so from love of that royal house, but from fear of the Napoleonic yoke. The truth is that most of the people are neither for one party nor the other, but for the French nation, for the national interests, for peace, and for domestic prosperity.

How does it happen that this great majority, which honestly wants to see things as they should be, is incapable of finding a way to realize its desires?

There have been uprisings all through Western and Southern France. Mail is frequently interrupted between Paris and Nantes. The East and North are perfectly submissive to the existing government. The legislative body is an amalgam of all parties, personalities, and epochs. The sentiment which seems to govern there is the sentiment which seems to govern France: I mean attachment to the institutions of the Revolution; distrust, fear, and perhaps horror of Napoleon's tyranny, — notwithstanding all protest to the contrary; and contempt for the stupid inability to learn and incompetence of the Bourbons.

What will come out of all this? No one can say. The shrewdest politicians find themselves in such a novel position, one so devoid of precedents, that they do not dare make predictions. But whatever be the ultimate results, the immediate evils seem inevitable. Nevertheless, be at rest regarding us. I am not compromised in respect to anybody. I enjoy the general esteem and, if the tempest breaks, I shall try to weather it wrapped in my cloak.

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July 11, 1815.

My last letter will have informed you of Bonaparte's astounding adventure in escaping from Elba and overthrowing the throne of the Bourbons by merely presenting himself in person. The evil which he had done to Europe caused a general panic and rallied all governments without exception against him. Their wounded vanity fanned the conflagration which has broken over us with fury. Napoleon acted as he always does. He staked everything on one throw of the dice and lost.

Never was there a more utter defeat than that of his army at Waterloo, near Brussels. He showed no forethought. He had not protected his retreat. He fled from that battlefield as he had fled from Russia and from Leipzig. He abdicated when the indignant nation was about to deprive him of his power, and absconded. Perhaps he has already been captured and killed. Foreign armies are in the heart of France. We are under the sabre of the Prussians. Two of their officers slept night before last in your chamber. Their four servants are in the chamber on the fourth floor and their horses are in our stable. We are governed by the commander of the Prussian army, who issues orders to a king who has returned under the shadow of his bayonets. They tried to blow up the Jena bridge here, because it bore the name of a battle in which they were defeated. They have levied a contribution of 100,000,000 francs on Paris.

Wellington keeps hypocritically in the background in order not to tarnish his glory. The emperors of Russia and Austria, and the other allied princes are on their way to Paris. It is said they plan to partition France. These are the fruits of our French military infatuation, and yet people continue to mock the philosophy which foresaw the outcome.

However, no matter how deeply nations may be wounded, they do not die. We shall save ourselves by the skin of the teeth, but we shall save ourselves. Meantime, we are at peace because it is impossible to fight, and I flatter myself that this peace will be favorable to your business success.

August 4, 1815.

I flatter myself that you will already have learned of Napoleon's defeat. He is now to be your neighbor at St. Helena. All the newspapers you will read will seem to you stupidly royalist. That is the only way they can be for fear of offending the Bourbon court or the police of the allied kings. But that won't indicate to you in the slightest the state of public opinion in France. What people want here is to get rid of the foreigners.

So far as our domestic affairs go, there are six principal political parties whose relative strength may be represented by the following figures. They are the people who have a definite programme and object. The remainder of the nation is a mere herd of sheep which follows its leaders. The constitutional royalists, honestly believing in representative government, number thirty; Machiavellian royalists, governing with Bonaparte's old civil servants and largely in the same way that he did, fifteen; pure royalists, more royalist than the king himself, desiring the restitution of the old property rights, no church but the Catholic church, and all that, and embracing the court and all the royal family except the king himself, five; Bonapartists from enthusiasm and ignorance, including a large fraction of the peasants and of the old soldiers, twenty; Bonapartists who want to be governed under the banner of the young Napoleon II, twenty; patriots devoted to principles rather than persons, ten.

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These are mere estimates, but they will give you some idea of the state, or rather of the confusion, of public sentiment. You will see this does not promise us tranquility and prosperity. However, events sometimes extricate themselves and order themselves of their own accord, just as a person desperately ill will sometimes get well in spite of the doctors. I fancy that France will profit most just now from the arrival of a great number of English promoters and investors who have come over to put their capital here at better profit than at home. Yesterday the Prussians celebrated their king's birthday. There were salvos of artillery. In the evening, the buildings occupied by the Prussian authorities and their barracks were illuminated. Everywhere there is more tension and more hostility than a year ago.

August 17, 1815.

Paris is still occupied by more than 100,000 men representing all the nations of Europe. Troops are constantly arriving and departing. Those that leave to make room for others are scattering out over Normandy, Maine, and even Brittany. It looks as though an effort were being made to give detachments of every army in Europe the privilege of entering Paris. The troops conduct themselves better than a year ago. They are quartered upon the citizens who are in nearly all cases obliged to feed them. When they are well provided for, they commit no violence; but they are not so tractable where the food is poor.

Most of the villages around Paris were stripped of provisions by the first troops which passed through or were quartered there, and now, having nothing to give their successors, suffer badly. Citizens have been beaten up and houses have been sacked. All the people who have the means to take refuge in the cities have done so. Your mother has rented a little apartment in the Monchablon house. Félicité and her children are with her. We are supplying them with what they need. She comes up every day for dinner. We have, besides, a Prussian officer in your room, and are also providing for his servant and his horse. The officer eats with us, the servant in the kitchen. This has been going on nearly a month. People seem to think that matters will be settled and the foreign troops withdrawn from France before winter — except from the fortresses, which they will retain as security for the heavy indemnity our government must pay within four years. In addition, we are paying heavy municipal taxes for supporting these armies; for we are obliged to feed them. These foreigners declare it is their intention to exhaust our resources so that we shall be unable to make war for a long time to come; and at the same time they are providing themselves with military equipment at our expense. Anything less than this will be an unhoped-for gain for us. That is our present situation. The causes which have led to it would fill volumes. There is none of these evils which might not easily have been avoided if the common people of France had been a little more enlightened as to their true interests.

Since the king's return, I have applied several times for employment, but see no prospect of getting anything. A great many men are out of work on account of the distress of the treasury. Good appointments are given to men recommended by their zealous services on behalf of the royalist party, or by the favor of powerful patrons, rather than to applicants of personal ability and tried devotion to the public welfare. In fact the public service is regarded as booty to be divided up among its captors, rather than as an invalid

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which should be sedulously restored to health.

There have been horrible disorders down South. The city of Nîmes is a ruin. The numerous wealthy Protestant families who had taken refuge there have been put to flight and their homes have been sacked. Mme. and Mlle. Chabaud la Tour, who intended to remain there, have taken refuge in Paris. These things are not printed in newspapers, any more than any other alarming incidents, for fear of arousing the people. The censorship of the press is the only thing that is competently managed.

September 18, 1815.

. . . After telling you what has passed through my mind, as a useful occupation for your leisure, I must now describe to you the extraordinary afflictions of France. You will find many repetitions in my letters because it is hard for me to recall exactly what I have written, and because I intentionally repeat news which may not get through to you. Our distance makes it advisable to duplicate things.

France is flooded with the armies of six foreign powers. The principal four of these are Russia, Austria, Prussia, and England. England has under its orders the forces of Westphalia, Hanover, Holland, Belgium, etc. I am constantly meeting on our street the kilted Scots whom I saw last October garrisoning Edinburgh castle.

All these forces probably aggregate 800,000 men. They are in cantonments all over Northern France as far South as the Loire, and throughout Eastern France as far as the Rhône. They live much as they like in the homes of the citizens and peasants. In the cities, where it is easy to complain of abuses, they merely insist on having their regular rations, which are very liberal. Over and above that, their commanders compel the local and municipal authorities to fill requisitions for food, forage, clothing, and money.

If a prefect or a mayor does not supply at once the things demanded, he is put in prison; and if such an official is suspected of the least disaffection, he is promptly packed off to Prussia, Hungary, or elsewhere. The son-in-law of M. Dambray, the Chancellor of France, and the son of M. Pasquier, a minister of the king, have thus been exiled. In several departments the people have been disarmed; and the only reason this is not attempted in Paris is a fear of an uprising. Several towns which showed a hostile spirit have been given over to pillage and incendiarism.

Several strongholds still hold out, but only by flying the white banner; that is to say, their commanders pretend to defend them in behalf of the king. They do this merely to prevent our enemies from seizing their arms and munitions. It is believed that the king and his councils send them secret orders to defend themselves. That is an order that it is not necessary to give twice to a Frenchman. But the suspicion is abroad that the secret object is to destroy the remnants of our old army which the Bourbons do not trust; for those who are not killed in a siege will be made prisoners.

So the strongholds which hold out cannot be reënforced, and will fall one by one into the hands of an enemy whose enormous armies have no reason to fear us again in the open field. The royal government has demobilized all the former forces; officers and soldiers have returned to their firesides, despair in their hearts. Our arsenals and government-factories are absolutely in the hands of foreigners who have carried off or destroyed the contents of the Royal Arsenal, of the château of Vincennes, and of the Artillery Depot, and have even boxed up many of the objects in

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our museums. Meantime, Paris has never been more brilliant than to-day.

The city is crowded with a throng of strangers, not only soldiers but also tourists. Apartment hotels, restaurants and theatres are packed. Many people whom I met last year in Great Britain have called upon me. Young Place, whom you know, has so many people coming to him with introductions, so many persons to guide about, so many errands to execute, that he is fairly overwhelmed.

The Bourbon government, brought back in the baggage-train of the allied armies, is an object of international contempt. England supports Louis XVIII, looking upon him as its own viceroy. It is the only government which really wants to see him stay. The Tsar of Russia is taken up with the kingdom of Poland, which he is reviving for his own benefit, and he is secretly dissatisfied with the Bourbons. Prussia and all Prussians manifest supreme contempt for him. They regard the king and his cabinet and all his servants as men whose principal duty is to raise indemnities for themselves.

Austria is accused of wishing secretly that some party might come out in favor of the little Napoleon II. Through him Vienna might exercise a preponderant influence in France. The great powers are constantly getting together and never coming to an understanding. The only thing they are agreed on is that they want to live at the cost of France, to weaken our country and, at the same time, to keep it in ignorance of their designs and their pretensions. The government here has an idea that the Russians wish to get out, and that part of the Austrians and Prussians will follow them. Those who take the most rosy view of things say that the enemy forces left behind will occupy a few strong frontier points like Besançon, Strasbourg, Metz, and Lille, until France has paid up in the course of four years an indemnity of 800,000,000 francs.

One would naturally suppose that the Bourbons, coming back to France under such unhappy auspices, would try to rally the nation to them and to encourage our spirits and our patriotism. In place of that they are preoccupied with reasserting their ancient personal privileges and ancient pretentions. The king has learned nothing. He has restored with some modifications the charter of last year and summoned a chamber of representatives which is about to assemble. He has placed in the cabinet and at the head of his military establishment, which is all that remains of the French army, men who grew up during the Revolution. This effort to conciliate public opinion has not succeeded, because it is utterly at variance with a multitude of other acts. The rest of the court is going frankly toward its goal and does not conceal its intention of reëstablishing the old régime precisely as it was, with all its ancient privileges and abuses. The king's ministers, who are not all of this ultra-reactionary party — because a cabinet of that party would be overthrown if publicly put in power — and who control the press through the police, do not let the real situation get into print or reach the ears of the people. Nevertheless, the outright royalists, reactionaries, and counter-revolutionists make no secret of their intention to destroy gradually everything the Revolution has produced, even the men it has raised to eminence.

Public opinion is much divided. In the South and portions of the old Vendée, outright reactionaries are in control. Any man who has taken part in the Revolution during the past twenty-six years, whether by holding public office or espousing its opinions, and every Protestant, because Protes-

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tants are supposed to favor a liberal government, is exposed to persecution and massacre. At Nîmes, in particular, a new Saint Bartholomew has broken out with full violence.

Nearly all the Protestant homes in that city have been sacked, and a great number of Protestants have perished, but still more have been saved. Mme. and Mlle. Chabaud had just time to escape. The Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême have organized bands of royalists cut-throats, have appointed military and civilian commissioners who refuse to recognize the acts of the royal government or the authority of the prefects and commanders which it has appointed, saying that the hand of the of the king is being forced by his cabinet.

In the departments of the East, in Burgundy, Franche-Comté, Champagne, and Alsace and Lorraine, the people are mostly Bonapartist or at least ready to support any one but a Bourbon. In the Department of the North opinion is mixed. There are a great number of constitutional monarchists among the rank and file of the people. They do not love the Bourbons but they support them because they offer the best prospect of peace. At the same time this party is attached to the principles of the Revolution, to representative government, to confirming the property changes which the Revolution has brought about, and to equality before the law. This party controls all our port towns. Paris is a hodge-podge of all these factions.

September 29, 1815.

I am adding a few lines to this letter which I have an opportunity to send with the dispatches of the Portuguese ambassador at Paris. They will be taken by the ordinary English paquet, which will probably bring the Brazilian government advices regarding the arrangements which have been concluded regarding France. We do not know them here yet, but they will, of course, include the surrender of several fortresses and heavy war indemnities.

Last week, according to reports, the Allies were inclined to make exorbitant demands, including the destructions at our cost of the defences of Dunkirk and Cherbourg. Last week they despoiled under an armed guard our picture galleries. They left only part even of those pictures which belong to the old royal family.

It was certainly an exasperating spectacle for us Frenchmen to see our beautiful gallery filled with British, Prussian, and Austrian officials, superintending taking down and packing up our most beautiful works of art, and to watch English gentlemen and ladies promenading about with all the arrogant and insolent airs of merchants ordering their goods packed. The king's cabinet unable to prevent this spoliation, unwilling to sign the disgraceful treaty submitted to it, and despairing of success in its struggle against the reactionary party headed by the princes, resigned in a body. This produced a most unhappy effect upon public opinion, though the newspapers, which are strictly controlled by the powers that be, have not dared to mention this. The king tried to smooth things over by selecting for his new cabinet men standing very high in public esteem. These gentlemen refused to accept, at first, for the same reasons that had caused the old cabinet to resign. However, they have now been prevailed upon to reconsider their refusal on two conditions: first, the court has renewed its solemn promise to maintain the constitution and not to support the reactionaries; second, Tsar Alexander, in whose service the Duke of Richelieu remained throughout the Revolution, urged him to accept, promising to use

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his powerful influence to secure more acceptable peace conditions.

Apparently the Tsar kept his word and the terms have been revised; for the report is now that the foreign troops are about to leave. We do not know how many will be left — mainly to keep the Bourbons on the throne — or where they will be stationed. Considerations of safety, however, will require them to be posted either at Paris or at frontier fortresses. We shall feel it a blessing to have them off our shoulders. The provinces and the cities will welcome it as a great relief, and such forces as may remain at Paris will probably be put in barracks instead of billeted upon private citizens.

October 19, 1815.

. . . Every one is discussing the treaty of peace between the Allies and France. We cede definitely a half-dozen small fortresses on the extreme frontier. The Allies will keep 150,000 men in other fortresses until France has paid an indemnity of 700,000,000 francs due in four or six years. This is the substance of the treaty or, rather, of the law imposed upon us. The other articles are unimportant.

We are greatly pleased, because the interior of France will be cleared of foreign troops, except some ten or twelve thousand English soldiers which some say are to be left in Paris. Personally, I do not think that probable. They would be merely enough to keep us irritated without holding us down.

Men who believe they have inside information say that the court proposes to sweep away all restraints on royal authority, and fear utter reaction and a royalist terror. We can only hope that the king will be wise enough to avoid such excesses, which would only cause suffering to all parties. Nevertheless, our liberties are being visibly curtailed every day.

Public places are filled with spies. The newspapers are so strictly censored that they are forbidden to print dispatches from London, and we know nothing of what is going on in Spain where, rumor has it, insurrections have occurred. It is impossible in France to print anything that is really important. Whatever escapes the censor is pounced upon by the police. People make up for this by gossiping most ferociously at their clubs and other private gathering-places. I don't go out, however, but stay at home, as you know. Those who circulate among the public say that the discontent is widespread and bitter. The police are not able to prevent its expression. At Villemomble, and probably at other places, the authorities have proclaimed by public crier that it is forbidden to discuss the government either approvingly or critically. That alone was enough to set folks doing so, even though they were previously indifferent.

I shall probably have to be very cautious when writing you, especially letters that are going through the public post. You will understand and fill in the things which I am not at liberty to say. Be patient for the time being. Conditions will change; but only fools will venture to predict when and how.

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SIR EDWARD CARSON

BY 'A STUDENT OF POLITICS'

From *The London Times, May 9*
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

OF all the great men in English history, Gladstone was surely the worst judge of political human nature. Before he introduced his first Home Rule Bill he is said to have felt quite sure about Chamberlain and very doubtful about Harcourt. Some overtures for support he did make to English Conservatives, but Irish Conservatives he ignored and, what was still more remarkable, he forgot Ulster, then a Liberal stronghold.

To an ordinary man, it would have been an obvious counsel of prudence to sound Ulster and, if possible, persuade her beforehand. Had he done so and met with any measure of success, the first Home Rule Bill would have been a better Bill than his own, and had even more Home Rule in it; for the only way of reconciling Ulster to the idea of Home Rule for Ireland was then, as now, by the offer of Home Rule to herself. In fact, it would have been a Bill on the same general lines as the Act now in force. Had such a Bill been introduced a generation ago, the North and South would by this time have composed their differences; Irish politics would have been running on the same wholesome differences between Liberal, Labor, and Conservative that divide opinion in other countries, instead of following the wholly unnatural divisions of geography and religious faith; there would have been no rebellions; and Sir Edward Carson, if he had not developed into a Grattan, would have been, at any rate, Lord Chancellor of a united Ireland.

Alas, the Conservatives were the first to understand Ulster, and Mr. Balfour was the first to recognize the gifts of Sir Edward Carson.

The mean and unworthy estimate of Sir Edward Carson's character, though it can be made to fit in with a great many facts, is the wrong one, and it is not, in reality, that of Ireland generally. He is not an Ulsterman, though he sits for an Ulster division; though narrow he can be generous; he is free from the religious bigotry which is the curse of Northern Ireland; he has the brogue, not of Belfast, but of Galway, the most beautiful of all the monuments of melancholy in Ireland; and he loves his country—not part of it merely, but the whole. It is one of the tragedies of Irish history that his gifts should have been at the service of half a province instead of the cause of a united Ireland, and there are times when one suspects that he feels it as a tragedy of his own life too. For no one can hear him replying to Mr. Asquith on a question of Irish policy without suspecting that, apart from the specific disagreement of the moment, there is deep down in his nature a feeling of personal resentment against official Liberalism for warping his nature and twisting the sort of work that he might have done for Ireland.

Between him and the remnant of Irish Nationalists in the House there is no such gulf. They belabor each other, but with it all there is some understanding and a great deal of respect; and of Sir Edward Carson, when he was organizing rebellion in Ulster, there was

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far more popular admiration even in the rest of Ireland than there was in all England, outside Liverpool and the Carlton Club. But in every gesture towards the official Liberal benches there is the same accusation of faithlessness — 'We were yours and you cast us off' — a charge that cannot be brought against Nationalism or Sinn Fein.

One ought not to ignore this grievance of Sir Edward Carson as a good Irishman against the blundering tactics of Gladstone which presented him with it, for, rightly handled, the question of Home Rule in 1886 was far easier than now, and might have been solved. But if he has a grievance, so have others — England and Ireland both — against him. He did not teach Ireland to rebel, but he led the only successful rebellion she has made, and the lesson was not lost. Ireland as a whole, too, has a grievance against him as a lost leader of union.

The most dramatic apparition to be seen in the House is that of Sir Edward Carson at the door when an Irish debate is proceeding. Especially now, with the Irish Nationalist Party a mere twittering ghost of its former greatness, there is always an element of theatricality in Irish debates; someone said once that there ought to be a row of footlights all round the Irish coast. It may be the theatricality of Irish debate or there may be some positive suggestion in the tall, lank figure, the straight black hair, the hollow cheeks, and the lengthened chin, but one cannot help thinking of Mephisto in the play at such times.

And the impression is not removed by the rich brogue and is deepened by the corrosion and negation of what he says. Nothing in politics seems worth while when he speaks; Irish ideals are balloons blown up with gas; a new thought or hope is treated like a hostile witness; the great world pines to the dimensions of a poky court of justice, and nothing seems to matter but what is concrete enough to be put into an affidavit. It is all magnificently done, for Sir Edward Carson has not risen on nothing to the position of perhaps the most famous of living advocates. He has in a supreme degree the faculty of dissolving a state of mind into little crystals of fact and holding each up to the light that is appropriate to his purpose. No one in our time at the Bar has had his power of unexpected thrust and stab in cross-examination, and he has so cultivated the habit of always speaking at the greatest common measure of intelligence in a jury that he has lost the power of rising above it. Outside Irish affairs — for example, on labor topics — he speaks occasionally with flashes of originality and sentimental insight, but ordinarily on politics he is a barrister whose rare distinction of manner cannot disguise the mediocrity and dullness of what he has to say.

If Sir Edward Carson had never turned rebel, popular opinion would have neglected him as a politician; but his organization of the contingent rebellion in the North of Ireland made him a scoundrel in the eyes of many and a hero with others, and with nearly all profoundly modified the estimates of his character. A few, indeed, there were who still refused to take his politics seriously; to them he was still a stage Irishman only, bedadding and bejabering, even when he was talking hypothetical treason and civil war.

In fact, his action at this time proved the exact contrary. It may not have been a great thing for him at his time of life to throw up an exceedingly lucrative practice and devote himself entirely to the work of organizing resistance to the enforcing of the Home Rule Act. But it was a great thing for him to run the risk of arrest and the social dis-

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grace, not to speak of the physical danger, of being a rebel. It was proof that he really cared, that his denunciation of Home Rule was the outcome of real conviction, and even that he had the stuff of martyrdom in him. There is no exaggerating the mischief that was done to the country by the formation of the Ulster army; but when all is said it is a test of sincerity that a man should in the last resort be prepared to fight in a cause of conscience when he is convinced that no other honorable issue is possible. And by that test the Government of the day which did not arrest Sir Edward Carson stands condemned in its Irish policy. Whatever Irish policy was to be adopted later, it must inevitably after that be a policy that did not involve the coercion of Ulster, and to have established that principle, if a negative achievement, redeems his political career from barrenness and contempt.

Sir Edward Carson might have done still more and achieved political greatness had he, after this victory, known how to use it for the service of all Ireland. For now — *because*, rather than *in spite of*, the war — was the time to achieve the unity of Ireland, and Sir Edward Carson, by close coöperation with the Unionists of the rest of Ireland, if not with the Nationalists too, might have achieved that end. The opportunity was neglected and Sir Edward Carson remained the leader of a province when he might have been so much more. The truth was — and his brief tenure of office during the war confirms it — that he is quite without constructive ability of any kind. Absolutely dependent on others for his general ideas, he might have served a greater cause than that of Ulster had he fallen early under the right influences. But the official Liberal party first neglected him and then abused him, as it did Chamberlain and later Mr. Lloyd George; and he never realized all that of which he might have been capable. There were also faults of temperament as well as of mind.

For all that has been said of his personal kindliness and good-nature, there are hundreds of instances that might be quoted in support, and the caricaturists who see the man in the Red Indian profile and the combative jaws see less than strangers who, meeting him for the first time, are fascinated by the deep melancholy of the eyes. He is a man of a deep emotional nature, and the appearance of truculence is a carapace for a skin that is more tender than most people's. But there are some humans — perhaps more numerous in Ireland than elsewhere — whose devotion to those who depend on them takes the form of intense distrust and ferocity toward every one else. They rend and tear, not out of cruelty, but out of a too restricted and as it were provincial range of affection. Sir Edward Carson was of these, and the fact has ruined him as a national politician.

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BOLSHEVIST POET-MYSTICS

BY HÉLÈNE ISVOLSKY

From *La Revue de France, April* 15
(Political and Literary Fortnightly)

For the last three years, the most profound mystery has veiled Russia — a mystery that should be explained, were it only to aid in comprehending the Bolshevist menace, which weighs so heavily upon the civilized world. One must seek first to understand the soul of a people violently shaken by Revolution, for Bolshevism is not merely a social and economic phenomenon, but is also — and perhaps especially — a psychological phenomenon of extreme complexity.

The mysterious soul of the real Russia is not at all incomprehensible. It is taking form, little by little, giving outward manifestations of itself, notably through the written word. There is a Bolshevist literature and (what especially concerns us here) a Bolshevist poetry. 'Moscow,' the Russian publishing house, is about to issue in Berlin the first number of a literary review, *The Russian Book*, edited by M. Jastchenko, the former professor of international law. This brochure offers a curious approach to Russian literary life under the communist régime, from which we may gain some precious information.

Russian men of letters are divided into two groups, one of which has settled itself abroad, MM. Mereskowsky, Bounin, Kuprin, Count Alexis Tolstoy, and others, all distinguished writers; whilst the other group has remained in Russia and has attached itself, more or less, to the Bolsheviki. We say 'more or less,' for it would be a blunder to think that all of those who live and work in Russia are of necessity active Bolsheviki. Without doubt there are Bolshevik writers, pure and simple, who serve the cause of the Soviets; but there are also literary men who live and write under the new régime, which is quite another matter; and who are often kept in Russia by force. Finally, there are those to whom Bolshevism is a bad dream, a passing cloud, but who live within themselves, afar from all political agitation. We might accuse them of indifference; Dante would have placed them between Heaven and Hell.

In spite of the appalling economic conditions of Russia, the lot of literary men is relatively pleasanter than that of the other subjects of the Republic of Soviets. No doubt because they have no desire whatever to imitate Plato's example, the Bolsheviki have not driven the poets from the Communist Paradise and have, quite the contrary, offered them refuge and protection. But, on the other hand, they keep a vigilant watch upon all their literary work, and the liberty of the press is dead in Russia, along with all the other liberal 'prejudices' of the old order of things. A play of Gorky's was withdrawn from the repertory because of its anti-revolutionary character, and it is the group of so-called 'Proletarian Poets' who enjoy all the favors of the governments. 'Proletarian Poets,' 'Imaginists,' 'Scythians,' — thus are the cenacles of the Bolshevik Parnassus entitled. This has aided an extraordinary poetical flowering during the last three years.

Professor Jastchenko writes:

'In an epoch when the complete ab-

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sence of indispensable books, of paper, of scientific, historical and political works, is making itself felt, the most useless "articles of luxury" in literature are thrown upon the market in the form of lyric poetry. Is it because the popular mind, unable to give itself to quiet reflection, overflows into sentiments which seek expression in songs at once so melancholy and so dreamy? Or else, have we come back to the earliest springs of our historic life, and, after everything has been lost, does nothing remain to us but fairy stories and lyric poetry, the initial manifestations of a people's consciousness?'

It is important to observe that a great number of the poets celebrated even before the Revolution have remained in Russia — such men as Goumileff, Alexander Blok, Viatcheslave Ivanoff, Serge Gorodetzky, Valery Brioussoff, Anna Achmatowa, Andrew Beliy, whose names have survived through Bolshevism as they have survived through the old régime in Russia, because they belong to literature and not to politics.

Unfortunately, we have very little information as to their present activity. The greater part are at work for the Literary Section of the Commissariat of Public Instruction, or for the anthology called *Universal Literature*, which Gorky is editing and which publishes translations of foreign masterpieces. *The Russian Book* gives a list of the principal translations, as well as the titles of new works which have appeared or which are to appear in Russia. But it gives no details with regard to these new books and so it is premature to make any conclusions, in one way or another, on the intrinsic value of literary effort in Russia nowadays.

Is the monopoly which is in fact if not in right, exercised over letters by the Government of the Soviets, auspicious for the free flight of human thought and inspiration? It seems difficult to believe. Besides, the paper crisis which exists in Russia, creates a serious obstacle to the expansion of Bolshevik literature.

However, some Russian publishers installed at Berlin, have recently issued several little collections of prose and verse, signed by five Bolshevik writers, of whom four are poets. These are Alexander Blok, Andrew Beliy, Serge Essenin, and N. Kliouieff, whom M. Jastchenko calls the 'Revolutionary Slavophiles,' and who have formed a revolutionary group of 'Scythians,' wishing to imply by their name that they defy the classic civilization of the Occident. Add to these names that of Ivanoff-Rasoumnik, fanatic Communist theorist, commentator on the work of the Scythians and their eloquent defender. Ivanoff-Rasoumnik is earnest and genuine, and gives evidence in his writings of a fairness and a candor which are not discoverable among the Scythians. However, he is not an adept in official Bolshevism, and is even perceptibly at some distance from it. Thus he writes:

'The dictatorship of a party, the grasp of iron, already begin to make themselves felt and cannot continue. I know that terror within and without is not my pathway, but what road am I to follow? The only road: not to wash my hands of it, not to consecrate to destruction the evolution of the true revolutionary socialism. The press is destroyed — let us fight for the resurrection of the press! Political foes are hurled into prison — let us demand proceedings and judgment for them! We must make straight again the line of revolutionary action, which Bolshevism, drunk with victory, runs the risk of distorting.'

And, further: 'Did I not understand Lenin to say that as soon as the social revolution has triumphed in Russia, a world war ought to commence, since

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it is only at the point of the bayonet that the Idea can be carried throughout the world? I believe in that Idea, but I do not believe in bayonets' points. I am against all war, and so against revolutionary war.'

It is with complex and troubled feelings that we have leafed through these little volumes of Russian poetry, which open strange vistas into the Bolshevist world. In the first place, there is *Twelve* by Alexander Blok, a poem written in 1917, that is to say, at the dawn of Bolshevism, which is certainly the strongest of work and the most faithful reflection of the Russian revolutionary period. No tinsel fripperies adorn this red epic, sober-hued and realistic, ironic and bitter. The Twelve are Red Guards who, with bayonets fixed, are making a revolutionary march. A snowstorm whirls about their steps, balls whistle in the deserted streets, and death is all about them. They push on, feverish, uneasy, going from love to slaughter, from ecstasy to blasphemy. On the snow the corpse of a woman — slaughtered by one of the Twelve.

A little farther on, the Twelve meet a bourgeois, '*the* bourgeois,' attended by a mangy dog with thick fur and a short tail. The poet explains to us that this famishing dog, the dog without a kennel, who rubs himself against the bourgeois, is the 'old world,' at the dawn of the new Russia. Rifle-fire is always crackling.

'Trakh-takh-takh! The echo after
Rolls through houses, rattling low,
And the storm with rumbling laughter
Rings and jingles in the snow . . .
With that sovereign step they're walking
At their heels the hungry hound;
While in front, the red flag bearing,
In the snow storm undetected,
From the bullets free, protected,
Walks with soft and gentle measure
Through the snow's clear pearly treasure,
In a wreath of roses white,
Jesus Christ — the guiding light.'

What is the meaning of this mystic end to a realistic poem — the appearance of Christ's face beneath the hail of rifle balls, amid the raucous cries of the soldiery? What did Alexander Blok want to say when he placed the Christ at the head of the Twelve? By what supreme irony, or by what morbid exaltation of a faith reversed, has he placed between His hands the bloody standards?

Yet it is strange that this face of Christ seems to haunt not only the author of the Twelve, but the other Bolshevist poets as well. They wish the Christ to be with them, although at bottom they hate Him. They wish to enlist Him, too, and to push him before them on the 'revolutionary march.'

Ivanoff-Rasoumnik begins his preface to the works of Beliy and of Essenin with these words: 'Christianity and Socialism,' and a little farther on he writes: 'All the diverse forms of Socialism, Syndicalism, and Anarchism, we may sum up in these words, "the religious idea of Socialism." New faith and new knowledge, which shall replace the old faith and the old knowledge.'

So the communist thinkers have not escaped from the mysticism of their race. In their very denial of all the ancient dogma, they still have need of a dogma of some sort, and they find in Socialism less the reversal of economic and social values, than the reversal of moral values. Bolshevism, for them, is not a political system, but a religion, the necessary evolution of Christianity, something which is to acquire in the eyes of humanity the same mystic value as the teachings of the Gospel.

It seems to us, however, that these thinkers have not known how to create a new God, and that their gestation of their philosophic idea has not been long enough nor serious enough. In fact, they are content to transform God into their own image, and to stick a red flag into His hand. It is not a new Christ

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whom they adore, but rather Antichrist, whom they had no need to invent. Serge Essenin, who is the chosen prophet of this new revelation, cries, 'Lord, I shall make Thee different!' or again, 'May my voice devour Thee, O my Lord!' It is always by means of violence that he proceeds, and this is what he tells us:

I do not seek Redemption
Through his Passion and his Death;
Mine is another teaching
That shall outlast the stars.

I stretch hands toward the moon,
I shall crush it like a nut.
I seek no reachless heaven;
I want no falling snow.

. . . . . .

A new Faith, without Cross or Passion.

. . . . . .

Rejoice, Zion,
Scatter thy light.
A new Nazareth
Flowers in heaven.
A new Savior, riding on an ass,
Comes from the Universe.
Our Faith is Force,
Our truth ourselves.

We seem to have heard that before!

Essenin promises to the faithful a new city where dwells 'The God of the living,' a terrestrial Paradise — that is to say, a Communist Paradise. And this is how Ivanoff-Rasoumnik sums up the new religion: 'The poet has perceived a new universal Word, and it is in its name that he battles against the ancient God, as once Jacob wrestled in the desert. There is no blasphemy here, but a fight with God, and every fight with God is a divine confirmation of a new Word. In Christianity, the sufferings of one man are to save the whole Universe. In the Socialism which is coming, by the suffering of the Universe, every man is to be saved.'

We know already that Ivanoff-Rasoumnik is a genuine fanatic; he wants to save the face of Bolshevism at any price, and to explain to perplexed outsiders the prophecies of Essenin, but the essence of these prophecies seems to escape his candor. He does not recognize that Essenin is a false mystic, and that, if he struggles with God, it is by a destructive rather than a creative instinct.

'Lord, I will make Thee otherwise,' and 'I want no reachless Heaven' — these are the dominant ideas of this strange philosophy. To found a Paradise on earth, to set the ideal close to the soil, to bind Heaven to earth by a ladder which our poet may scale without effort or fatigue — such is the dream of Essenin.

The prophet, however, is better endowed for poetry than for mystic revelations. His work is extremely original, sometimes strong, always bold. There are unexpected glittering passages, which strike and delight the imagination. The insolent defiance which he throws out to God, is invested with an almost Biblical solemnity. These are the strange images of a very Bolshevist Cosmos through which Essenin passes, walking 'head down, on the clouds, as on a field of wheat'; —

With the scream of the tempests' dread,
I'll break in two the Earth, our Mother,
The way one crumbles bread.
The thin Equator I'll erase,
Beneath my knees' fierce rubs,
And four Suns shall go rolling
Down hill like golden tubs,
Their golden hoops a-shaking,
Whilst a Universe is breaking.

I crush the earth beneath my feet,
As great Tsar Peter did.
In a maudlin trance
I make death dance
To drunk accordion music.

In spite of such an unchained Scythian gait, Essenin undeniably has much talent. But he has no grace, tenderness, nor true emotion. This is, perhaps, too much to ask of a barbarian — for Essenin is a barbarian — and a violent individual who proposes to take Heaven by assault.

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The thought of Andrew Beliy is less dull, his mystic symbolism less disturbed than that of Essenin. In his view, Russia has been crucified, buried, left for dead. But she must revive, she is reviving, and soon she is to save the world.

This idea of Russia as a national and religious Messiah is not new. It has already been expressed by the Slavophiles of the old régime, and, in magisterial fashion, by Dostoievsky. He, too, was proclaiming the mystic calling of Russia when he wrote: 'He who believes in Russia, knows that she will endure absolutely all things, and will remain in essence the same Holy Russia that she has always been.' 'Holy Russia,' 'land of miracles,' the Russian people, 'the bearer of God,' that is the idea which incessantly reappears in Russian literature of the nineteenth century. Beliy merely takes it up again to transform it according to the Bolshevist dogma, for to him Bolshevism is the dazzling confirmation of this conception of Russia as the redeemer of humanity.

Russia, my country,
Spouse clad in sunlight,
Toward whom rise
All men's eyes —
Clearly I see thee,
Bearing God,
O'er the serpent triumphant.

. . . . .

In my breast something stirs
With keenest emotion.

. . . . . .

Sons well-beloved,
'Christ is arisen!'

'The Christ is Risen,' by Andrew Beliy, is a powerful poem, infinitely more powerful and profound than the incantations of an Essenin. Some of these lines cause the soul of a veritable mystic to stand out in sharp relief:

A sadness, divine and intense,
Falls like the violent blows
Of Heaven upon the immense
Globe, heavy and old.

But this sounds the hour of resurrection:

Russia, to-day a bride,
Receive the news of Spring!
Salvation! Resurrection!
All things, all, all
Proclaim what could not be.

The screaming locomotive
That flies along the rails
Repeats, 'Long may it live —
The Internationale!'

The misty drops of rain,
The telegraphic wires
Cry, and repeat again,
'The Internationale!'

Thus does the sacred joy of Beliy break out. This holy joy, one must admit, is inexplicable in view of the present spectacle of ravaged and bloody Russia. Is it not rather a burial than a resurrection? It is precisely this optimism, pushed to the extremes of exaltation which is most striking among the Bolshevist poets.

What! Not a cry of anguish? Not a note of doubt? And is the Bolshevist world, after three years of terror and famine, really the best world, in the eyes of the Essenins and Beliys?

It is with a feeling of deep relief that we have run through the last of these little miscellanies, signed by the poet Kliouieff. Kliouieff is of humble peasant origin, and his work breathes the odors of the earth, of the fields, and of labor. His *Songs of the Isba* (peasant hut) and *Earth and Iron* reveal a poet at once profound and tender, who makes one think of Robert Burns. Unluckily, it is almost impossible to translate his work, essentially Slavic and rustic, which holds all the riches of the popular language of Russia, which remain unknown to the writers of the city. In these poems, still so close to primitive inspiration, reappear the sweet and humble

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landscapes of peasant Russia, the wood village, the *isba*, and all its familiar surroundings. It is the shut-in, dreamy life of the long winter evenings about the big stove, it is the glebe moistened by the rains, gilded by the sun-light. It is all the mystery of the Russian country-side, which pursues its existence, scarcely troubled by the distant revolutionary turmoil of the great cities. Kliouieff surely has the stuff of a true poet, perhaps of a great poet.

Here, under the roof of the *isba*, there are neither shrieks of pride nor delirious prophecies. The Russia of the farms, plunged in its dream, which is at once secular and mystic, prays, meditates, works and sows. In the midst of the Russian chaos, the peasant, perhaps alone, retains his sober judgment and recognizes the true value of simple things. Is not here the place to look for salvation? For the poems of Kliouieff give an impression of freshness and blessed harmony — infinitely blessed after the phantasmagoria of the 'Scythians.'

Kliouieff has a delicate and lively imagination, like a child's. The world of the *isba* is for him a marvellous world, warmly colored, where everything, even to the familiar animals, even to the utensils of the humblest home, is filled with a mysterious life and seems to speak with him or to make him magic signs. As in *The Blue Bird* of Maeterlinck, things have names of their own, and play a helpful rôle in the life of man. At the death of his mother, like himself a peasant, Kliouieff felt a profound nostalgia descend upon the *isba:*

The stove is an orphan. The saucepan, all in tears
Keeps murmuring to the andirons, that its mistress is dead.
The pail sighs to the mop-cloth,
For the porch is washed no more.
Oh, how joyously the water used to ripple when she cleaned!
The lad, squatting behind the stove, prattles,
He says that the cemetery is pleasant to the newcomer.
And that the crosses of the tombs murmur amongst themselves,
Telling of the Eternal, which has no name.

The *isba* frowns, and a window
Transfixes the moist obscurity
With its eye of lead.

The death of this peasant mother reappears in another poem of Kliouieff's. In his eyes, as in those of all the Russian people, death is no menacing phantom, but a kindly visitor; for death is the natural and necessary passing of a gray and humble life to a marvellous life, a happy migration to the land of fairy tales. This is again the *isba*, which

Breathes like a fir-tree, bent beneath the snow.
In every corner, clustered shadows whisper,
And from its stall the lean calf lows.
Blown by the wind, past garden flower beds,
A handkerchief goes tossing, like a veil.
The silence groans.

The cranes afar are crying:
'We bear the mother soul beyond the seas,
Where by the Dawn the surging Sun is cradled.
There dwell the saints, Dmitry, Nikolai, Vlass,[1]
The holy ones, clad in their glorious robes.
And in a cope of living colors, there Saint John
Lays Jordan's water on their holy heads.

The paradise of Kliouieff is hardly an abstract heaven, and his saints clad in glorious colors, are real flesh and bone. For him, as for every soul at once mystic and naïve, heaven is a transcendent image of the earth, or rather (and this is perhaps the essence of the true Russian mysticism) the earth is a confused image of heaven, a formal image of a real and better world, which already appears. The earth is holy, the *isba* is holy, the work of the laborer is holy, for these are all symbols. And nature herself is a holy temple, full of the Divine Mystery, a

[1] Three saints whom Russians hold in special veneration.

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Forest, where each branch is like a taper,
Where from the pine the Cherubin
Sets altar lights a-gleam, and gives
Communion to all those that hear the voice
Of the all-mother, guardian of the tombs.
There, as I laid my kiss on Youth,
I heard Dawn answer Dawn,
I heard the storm-cock sing,
Whilst like a swarm of Stars,
The Face rose with a thousand eyes.

Time drops a veil, obscures the image
But since that time flute music rings about me.
I have seen the face of Sound and have known
music,
Setting my lips to flowers,
Far from your mildewed lips.

In these lines the poet of the *isba* and the soil rises to a very high pitch of inspiration, and seems to live, like a true seer, in a luminous world of his own of an intense spirituality. This subtle spiritualizing of the earthly life appears equally in a little poem of Kliouieff's dedicated to the peasant's horse:

The sledge is wise, the cart has wit,
For all its wooden dress,
The little horse has many a thought
He never dares express.

At the vespers of the cattle,
Within the stable's shade,
The murmur of the ewes is sad
As that the wind has made.

Like the repentant publican's
Is the little horse's sigh,
'My Father and my Lord, my God,
How near to Thee am I?'

'The dreams I dreamed beneath the yoke
Shall they be all in vain?
Shall I drink waves celestial
To ease me of my pain?'

Poor jade, companion of my life,
Toiler in lowly things,
You are the symbol of all God's
Horses with flaming wings.

Labor is joyous, harvest rich.
Your toil, from dawn to dark,
Has made our common stable grow
A likeness of the Ark.

A beam from heaven seems to brighten the wooden village of Kliouieff, a ray of consolation and of hope. Is it not from this very humble Ark that the Russia of to-morrow may come forth?

Such is the present state of literature in the land of the Soviets. In writing these lines, we have made a great effort for impartiality in measuring (so far as a contemporary can) the true rank of these writers. In spite of the goodwill of the Maecenases of Moscow, it seems hard to believe that the age of Bolshevism can ever be regarded as a golden age in Russian art or literature. For the creation of a perfect art, there must be a people who have attained a perfect equilibrium, whether spiritual or intellectual, an equilibrium which is the culminating point of a powerful and definite evolution.

Fortunate peoples have no history; but have unfortunate peoples an art? In any event, how can this equilibrium essential to the development of art and creative thought be had in a country which is in an epoch of violent transition? Bolshevist poetry is a strange flower, sometimes captivating, but it is a flower soon withering, precocious and diaphanous, overwhelmed with bitterness, burnt by the torrid breath of a gigantic brasier. Flower of madness, flower of pride, too, for the Bolsheviki have colored it with all their hopes.

Yet it happens, sometimes, that a fire passing through a forest, spares by a miracle some solitary tree, which in the midst of disaster, goes on with its normal growth, happy and necessary. So it is that in this troublous literature, in which resound 'the drunk cries of the accordion' a word, a thought, a harmonious and powerful rime surging suddenly out, brings to the reader a precious and subtle joy. The accordion of the red prophets has not been able to deaden the mysterious tones of that

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flute which haunts the memory of Kliouieff. Russian literature is not dead and will not know death, for it is the emanation of a national genius, infinitely more profound than Bolshevism. One need not partake of the somewhat superficial optimism of Beliy, or wish to prophesy after the fashion of Essenin, in order to pronounce here with confidence the word, 'Resurrection.'

THE NARIKIN: WAR WEALTH IN JAPAN. II

BY FÉLICIEN CHALLAYE

From *Revue de Paris, April* 1
(Political and Literary Semi-Monthly)

Japan's newly-rich 'receive' more than has formerly been the custom, sometimes in their own luxurious homes, more often at a hotel or tea-house rented entire for the occasion. I was told of one narikin who telephoned to a large hotel situated at a beautiful seaside resort for seventeen rooms. He brought only three guests with him, but it pleased him to have a big bill to pay. Sumptuous dinners at restaurants and tea-houses continue to be one of the favorite ways of entertaining. Restaurants in the European style are more common than formerly. Their menus are often commonplace, but people patronize them for a change of fare. However, Japanese prefer, as a rule, to dine in native establishments which have become widely advertised either for their luxury or their freakishness. Here you can procure excellent shrimp and oysters, delicious fish, and strange, delicate salads. The price of these dinners seems very high to one who recalls charges a few years ago. The newspapers report one place in Kobe which will not serve a meal for less than $25.00. A Tokyo narikin invited his friends to a dinner which cost $50.00 a plate. A mine owner in Kiyushu gave a dinner of fifty covers at $150 a plate, in addition to the charges for the geisha girls.

The geishas in fact vie with the automobile as the most expensive luxury of the narikins. The girls are recruited from the fairest maidens of the country, taught to dance, sing, play native instruments, serve tea, arrange flowers, embroider, converse, and compose poems. They are employed, like pretty table decorations, from the time they are six or seven years old, beautifully robed, and with ornamental coiffures; they serve the viands and dance two or three times in the course of the evening, to the accompaniment of songs and instrumental music by the older geishas. They are the charm and the joy of the occasion. The war, which was responsible for the narikins themselves, has multiplied the geishas. There are three times as many in Osaka to-day as a few years ago; and they totaled in all Japan by the end of the war some 50,000 earning in the aggregate more than $40,000,000 yearly. Their average earnings were $800 (1600 yen) apiece while many government officials even to-day are not paid more than $200 a year. In addition, the gifts they receive must greatly exceed their regular wages.

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The geishas are said to pray at Enoshima, in the temple of the goddess Benten, or Good Fortune, for a wealthy narikin as a husband. Many tales are told of multi-millionaires who have lost their fortunes as speedily as they won them, through the kind offices of a geisha.

The geisha's chief competitor is the automobile. A saying is now current in Japanese that 'a narikin without a motor car is as rare as a geisha without rice powder.' Indeed, as recently as 1907, there were only some 20 automobiles in Tokyo, practically all belonging to foreign diplomats. At the outbreak of the war, the number had risen to about 500; and in 1920, to 9000. Japanese automobile imports in 1915 were valued at $35,000; in 1919 they were valued at more than $2,500,000. Indeed, the motor-car craze has seized the country. Newspapers publish motor supplements, and record with an appearance of some pride the increasing number of accidents. In October 1917, the first lady chauffeur received a license in Tokyo. Some prominent Japanese never give their destination to their driver, but direct him as a pilot directs the steersman and engineer of a vessel, to the right, left, half speed, and full stop. There have even been motor-car romances. A daughter of Count Ishikawa, vice-president of the Privy Council, who was married by her parents to a man she did not like, fell in love with her husband's chauffeur, and attempted to commit suicide with him. She was seriously wounded and the chauffeur was killed. Thereupon, the young woman and her father withdrew from the world and joined a monastic religious sect. . . .

It is now proposed to enlarge and pave the old *Tokaido*, a suggestion which will bring melancholy reflections to the lovers of old Japan. During the Middle Ages, *daimios* with their retinue of archers and banner-bearers, always took this great highway in their processions to the capital of the *shogun*, at present Tokyo, or to the religious capital of the *Mikado* at Kyoto. Journeying peasants and merchants bowed to the earth in salutation when they passed. Religious processions followed the same route; pilgrims were constantly passing on their way to famous shrines. Even to-day one meets along this highway *ronins*, — the knight errants of Japan, — jugglers, itinerant story-tellers and beggars with their heads concealed in wicker baskets to avoid recognition. All along the route are pleasant inns and charming tea-houses. The *Tokaido* holds a large place in the literature and the art of Japan. Now it is to be made a modern highway, for the speeding automobiles of narikins!

Not only has the rise of the narikins modified the material life of Japan, but it has also profoundly transformed the country's moral and social life. The newly-rich haunt the public mind. They are the theme of innumerable articles, biographical notices, and illustrations. In 1917, *Jiji* published a series of one hundred *Narikin Tales*.

Such parvenus existed before the war, but they were few in number and merely lurked about the margin of high society. To-day, the narikins have taken full possession and are mingling with the aristocracy. The Chamber of Peers is composed mostly of members of the royal family and the higher nobility, and men appointed for life by the *Mikado* for eminent services to the state. But fifteen seats are reserved for members elected for seven-year terms, from among the most prominent citizens of the great cities. In the campaign of 1917, two wealthy war profiteers contested, in the most costly campaign in Japan's history, the seat from Kobe. One of these gentlemen had made his fortune building ships; the

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other operating them. The former was elected, — a narikin entered the highest assembly of the country, the equal of the most ancient nobleman of the land.

The people of Japan were long faithful to the simple manners of their ancestors. They practiced an ideal, unselfish code of religious ethics. To-day thirst for wealth and greed for gold are universal. A prominent Japanese paper calls this 'the narikin disease.' 'Our fellow citizens,' says *Kokumin*, 'have only one thought in the world — to get money and enjoy life. We criticize the conduct of the narikin without stopping to think that these men are but the natural product of their age and their environment.' Then the journal proceeds to cite the example of a great navigation company which, having accumulated $50,000,000 through government subsidies, had just distributed to its shareholders a dividend of seventy per cent. Japan's ambassador to Germany before the war, when he returned to his country remarked sadly: 'As the son of an ancient *samurai* family, brought up to respect the strict biddings of the Japanese code of honor, I have been appalled, on returning after an absence of thirty years, to discover that the Japanese of to-day have lost all moral sense and have become impervious to shame. Money excuses anything. Men of unsavory reputation no longer conceal themselves. They display themselves in public. You meet them everywhere.'

One unhappy result of the country's business boom is the decline in public morals. As the proverb says: 'The masses copy the classes.' Young men are ambitious to enter business rather than intellectual pursuits or the army. University graduates seek employment with manufacturing and shipping companies and enter the service of narikins so that they may become one day narikins themselves. In certain schools, the girls were asked to describe their dreams of the future. They mostly hoped to marry business men, not government officials or army officers. The ideal of the young girls in Otsu college averaged as follows: 'To marry a business man twenty-six years old, with some means, well educated, and having parents in active life.'

Government employees, whose salaries have not been raised to correspond with the increasing cost of living, are demanding better treatment. *Kokumin* discusses their case from a rather odd point of view: the value of the services rendered by teachers and government officials is not measured by the money they receive. Their poverty is a mark of merit. They ought not to seek wealth. If a man wants to get rich, let him take employment with a narikin. Count Terauchi in a New Year's article in *Jiji* says that the government does not pay its servants liberally because the honor of working for the government takes the place of material compensation, and that civil servants constitute a social class which should be protected from the habits of luxury and dissipation which business prosperity encourages.

So profound are the ravages of the new narikin morality that criminal practices have grown common. Numerous fraudulent or unsound companies have been floated by unscrupulous financiers, to catch the money of innocent investors. Some of these enterprises, with practically no real money behind them, are capitalized for as much as $5,000,000. Famous narikins have been bankrupted by their risky adventures. An Osaka cotton merchant, who had acquired a large fortune as an army contractor, engaged in a gigantic speculation in which he failed with a loss of $5,000,000 to his creditors. Other narikins have been convicted of bribing

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public officials. The manager of the government's steel works committed suicide when he was found compromised in a serious scandal. An Osaka narikin, unable to finish a vessel already under construction when the United States laid an embargo upon steel plates, persuaded the manager to supply him with 2000 tons from the government steel works, for which he paid a gratuity of $5000 to the official in question. The latter hanged himself, but the scandal did not stop there. Thirty people were inculpated, including some high officials; one hundred were arrested, and six committed suicide. It was discovered that systematic corruption prevailed in the Imperial Steel Works and the mines and railways associated with them. Contractors obtained allotments of steel in return for gratuities of from $5000 to $10,000. Merchants were bribing the railways to expedite their shipments, and suspicion pointed even higher, to the leading ministers of the state. So narikins have brought with them a fetid atmosphere of corruption and scandal, dimming even the honor of the military caste.

The pernicious influence of ill-gotten or too rapidly-gotten wealth has permeated even family life. In the old days the Japanese wife had the highest standards of honor and reserve. In the best society she became the first servant in the family of her husband's parents. Her fidelity was unquestionable.

Now here is a play which I saw one day in September, 1917, at the Imperial Theater in Tokyo. This is a magnificent structure provided with all the conveniences of the best theatres of Europe, although there runs across the parterre, as in all Japanese theatres, a 'flowery way,' by which the stars make their entrance. There is a large revolving stage, so at the end of each piece the scenery and the company completely change. Performances last from four in the afternoon to ten or eleven at night, interrupted by a recess for dinner which may be taken in the theatre buffet. Three or four pieces are given each day, representing different fields of dramatic art. The two or three first plays depict the heroic or picturesque adventures of the knights of old Japan, after which a comedy or drama is given portraying the Japanese life of to-day.

On the evening I mention the modern play was called *Nanyo*, the Japanese word for South Sea Islands. The term has a more restricted application than with us, applying to the islands recently taken by Japan and the Philippines, New Guinea, and the Netherland Indies. A Japanese narikin is entertaining his friends. He provides a lecture on the South Sea Islands to amuse them. The lecturer describes the customs of the savages there, where the husband buys his wife from her parents. That suggests a satirical comparison with the customs in Japanese capitalist circles, where the wife is married off likewise contrary to her inclinations. A woman has married a narikin for his wealth, but is in love with a young student. A romantic episode throws her into the company of her former admirer who saves her son from drowning at the seashore. The young matron avows her love for the young scholar, and declares her readiness to leave her husband for him. With a defiant gesture she takes her wedding ring from her finger and hands it to the young man.

In the second act, the scholar, who has come to take her with him, sees her caressing her little child who is asleep. Moved by the sight, he declares that he will not separate the mother from her child, and returns the ring.

I confess that I was fairly stupefied to see such a play in Tokyo. My thoughts recurred to the Japanese woman of yesterday, steeped in the ethics of the

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Chinese sages, who taught her absolute submission to the husband and devotion to his happiness. I recalled what the Japanese philosopher, Kaibara Ekiken, wrote in the second half of the seventeenth century:

A wife should regard her husband as her master and serve him with all the reverence and admiration of which she is capable. The great duty of woman, her life-long duty, is obedience. In her relations with her husband, her manner and language should show deference, docility, and humility. When the husband orders, the wife should never disobey. In case of doubt, she should ask her husband and follow his instructions submissively. If her husband makes an inquiry, she should answer his question directly and without evasion. If her husband should become angry, under any circumstances whatever, she should obey him with fear and trembling. A woman ought to consider her husband like heaven itself. She should never cease to study how to be more submissive to him in order to escape the punishment of heaven.

However, the narikins' cup of joy and triumph has been mixed with bitterness. During the war, they feared that the country's marvelous prosperity would end with the conflict. Let peace be signed and orders for arms and ammunitions would stop. Great Britain and France, and possibly Germany and Austria, as well as the United States, would again begin to compete with their own manufacturers and merchants. The warring nations would turn back their merchant fleets from military employment to the uses of peace. So all the exceptional conditions which explain the prosperity of Japan would suddenly vanish. That is the reason why the Japanese were so eager to have the war continue. Even a whisper of peace made them tremble. When the news that Germany had made proposals to the Allies reached the country, in December 1916, the stock exchanges of Osaka and Tokyo were closed for several days. The following July, when the Reichstag passed a peace resolution, stocks went down like a shot throughout Japan. In August, 1917, when the Pope suggested peace preliminaries, there was another sudden setback to business.

The armistice came as a surprise. Japanese business men expected a longer war. However, this did not precipitate the crisis they feared. A few chemical and metallurgical companies closed their works or curtailed operations. However, unemployment spread but slowly. The peasants, who had grown rich during the war on account of the high price of rice, continued to invest their money in new undertakings. Speculators were still busy. Companies multiplied and competed for every yen in the market. Meantime, exports began to diminish until they fell 50 per cent below imports. Then, in March 1920, the crash came. Narikins lost their fortunes right and left, and 200,000 operatives were idle. Meantime, hostility was accumulating against the newly-rich. They were condemned for their luxurious living and accused of increasing prices by their speculation and their prodigality. They were held responsible for the high cost of living. When the government discussed a special tax on war profits, the people enthusiastically endorsed the proposal. There was much talk of the maleficent effect of gold in poisoning the life of nations. This was said to be responsible for the decadence of Portugal and Holland. The working people were keenly aware of the contrast between their condition, which was constantly getting worse, and the self-indulgent luxury of the narikins. They began to unite and agitate. Public disorders provoked by the high cost of living ensued, to the great alarm of the governing and prop-

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erty classes. The newspapers were forbidden to publish the facts regarding these disturbances; but I gathered information regarding them on the ground. At Kobe, Osaka, and Kyoto, bands of men and women, directed by mysterious leaders, suddenly burned the shops and warehouses of the rice hoarders and organized a violent protest against a member of the Cabinet accused of being financially interested in a rice-exporting firm. The mob resisted the police and the army. Lives were lost on both sides. It took a large force of soldiers, with bayonets and artillery, to maintain order in Tokyo. The moral effect of all this was considerable. People who protest like that must have grievances. Furthermore, the victory of the Entente democracies over the militarist, imperialist empires of Europe, impressed the people. So, for a time after the Armistice, Japan was democratic. Democracy became the fashion. The people still worshiped the past; the dead still ruled the living; but, at the same time, Europeanized and Americanized Japan possesses lively curiosity and a passion for novelty. It has gained a thirst for the modern. The latest thing is always the best. Fashion rules, not only in raiment, but also in literature and politics.

So, since 1919, force, imperialism, and autocracy have ceased to be good form. Peace, justice, and democracy, for the time being, hold the stage. I could cite many evidences of this new attitude, some trivial, others weighty. One day I was at Nagoya to deliver a lecture upon 'Paris during the War.' Some Japanese friends invited me to a dinner where, in the style of the country, several geisha girls were serving. They asked them their professional names. One of them, a very young and charming creature, had not assumed, according to the usual custom, the name of a flower, plant, bird, or famous heroine. She called herself *Tamiko*, the little people, from *tami*, 'the people' in the sense of the commons as opposed to the aristocracy, and *ko*, the diminutive. My friends regarded this as a straw showing the current toward democracy.

There are other more important evidences of the new attitude begotten in the Japanese people by the contrast between their own misery and the luxury of the narikin. On every side there is a demand for reforms looking toward greater equality. A campaign is going on in favor of universal suffrage. Workingmen and students march side by side in the processions. For instance, on the fifteenth of February, 1919, one hundred and fifty workingmen greeted Mr. Ozaki, the democratic leader, at Kyoto singing 'Labor is sacred.' I saw many thousand people marching in Tokyo, the following March, in a demonstration in favor of universal suffrage. The workingmen are claiming the right to organize unions, to an eight-hour day, to better factory laws, and to freedom of speech. Strikes have multiplied. At labor meetings, you hear men declaiming against factory proprietors and managers who, in a single night of dissipation, spend a thousand yen — a sum which a workingman labors ten years to earn.

Some observers in Japan predict that the country will develop a new form of Bolshevism, a monarchist Bolshevism, which will reconcile, in some extraordinary way, loyalty to the past with the extreme social ideals of the present. They predict that the Japanese will, without destroying the mystical bond which unites them to the eternal emperor descended from the goddess of the Sun, violently overthrow their hated masters, their aristocrats, their bureaucrats, their plutocrats, and narikins.

However much of probability there may be in this hypothesis, the rise of narikins has hastened Japan's

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march toward democracy. As Marquis Okuma has said: 'Nations are moving toward democracy the way rivers move toward the sea; sometimes they hurl themselves against rocks in their passage, but they surmount all obstacles and their pace is merely accelerated by resistance.'

CHERRY STONES

BY JAN STRUTHER

From *The Westminster Gazette, April* 9
(British Old Liberal Weekly)

There was once a Philosopher. He lived in a cherry orchard and he had eight sons. No one knew to what school of thought he belonged, but he had the reputation of being a sage, so nobody questioned the fact.

One day his sons came to him and said:

'Father, there is a riddle that none of us can solve. We beseech you to tell us the answer, because you are old and very wise. What is Life?'

And they waited in respectful silence for his reply.

The Philosopher gave an inward groan. The day was warm, sunny, blue, and golden, full of the murmur of bees and the singing of birds. He did not feel in a mood for answering questions. Besides, like many philosophers, he did not know the answer himself.

'My sons,' he said, solemnly, 'that is a riddle which I want you to solve without my help. Go out, follow each of you a different calling, live your own life and find out for yourselves what the world means. At the end of five years come back here and give me your definition of Life.'

So the eight young men set forth, and their father, having for the moment escaped from philosophy, — which is the art of providing plausible answers to insoluble problems, — gave a sigh of relief and went on eating cherries.

Five years later the eight young men came back. All the cherries were ripe, and the Philosopher was sitting in the orchard eating the luscious red fruit off a green plate. He welcomed his sons in that affectionate yet detached manner by which you may know the Philosopher wherever you meet him, and called upon each in turn to give an answer to the riddle.

'Life,' said the first, — a cynical fellow in a Tinker's apron, — 'is a tin kettle, bright and shining without, dark and hollow within, full of bubbles and vapor, sometimes hot, sometimes cold; it is always wearing into holes, and we spend our time trying to mend it and patch it, until at last it wears out and we throw it away.'

'Life,' said the second, — a Tailor, sanctimonious and sententious, — 'is a piece of stuff given to each man to make a coat — rich velvet to some, narrow homespun to others. Each must cut his coat according to his cloth, and as he makes it so must he wear it, long or short, patterned or plain, well-fitting or ill.'

'Life,' said the Soldier son, with hearty vigor, 'is a war in which no man knows friend from enemy; in which

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there are many skirmishes and few decisive battles; in which every one thinks he knows for what he is fighting, but no one is quite sure; yet, in truth, the cause matters little so long as we have the chance to fight.'

'Life,' said the Sailor son, who had the blue of far distances in his eyes, 'is the ship we steer across the ocean of Time. If we set our sails skillfully, provision ourselves well, and escape from mutiny, tempest, and shipwreck, we may one day come to harbor: no man knows what the port is like, and the wise ones do not care, so long as the weather's fair and the voyage merry.'

'Life,' said the fifth son, who was white-fingered and a fine Gentleman, 'is a play-house, and we are the audience. We hiss the villain, applaud the hero, and kiss our hands to the leading lady: as for the author — whose name is not on the playbill — we blame him when the piece is tedious and forget his existence when we are entertained; and at the fall of the curtain we drive home yawning to bed.'

'Life,' said the Apothecary, in his long black robe, 'is an apothecary's store, full of divers drugs from which we take our choice. Knowing little of chemistry, we frequently judge the contents of the bottle by the color of the glass, and do not discover until afterwards whether the phial contained poison or elixir, nightshade, all-heal, or bittersweet.'

'Life,' said the seventh son, a Ploughboy, whose words were few and halting, 'is just a field we have to plough, wide or narrow, clay, loam, or marl. Some stumble from side to side and plough a crooked furrow; some go by a distant tree and plough a straight one. 'T is simple enough.'

The last of the eight was a Thief with a crafty face.

'Life is a strong-box full of treasure, which men are ever trying to steal; some only bruise their knuckles on the hard iron; some manage to break in and snatch a handful of coin; the wise spend it at once and enjoy it, but the foolish hoard it up and wander about forever afterwards fleeing from justice. A few are caught and hanged, but most of them live to a ripe old age.'

The Philosopher looked at his eight sons in silence.

'Father,' they said, 'which of us is right?'

'You are all right — and you are all wrong.'

'But there cannot be eight answers to one question.'

'There are eighty — eight hundred — eighty thousand as many as there are men on the earth.'

'And which solves the riddle?'

'Nobody knows — yet.'

'But when shall we know?' they persisted.

The Philosopher was tired of all this: the day was warm, sunny, blue, and golden, and the cherries were ripe, and he wanted to go to sleep. But there was his reputation to keep up. So he said:

'As to that, my sons, I will consult the wisdom of the Cherry Stones.' And he began, very drowsily, to count the stones which lay on his green plate.

'This year, next year, sometime, never, this year — next year — sometime — never — this year . . . next year . . . sometimes . . . . never. . . ,

The Philosopher had fallen asleep in the sun.

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'THREE MONTHS IN SOVIET RUSSIA'

[*The book here reviewed, of which an English edition is promised in the United States, is one of the most readable and brilliant accounts of conditions in Bolshevist Russia which has yet appeared. As this review suggests, its convincingness is increased by the obviously sympathetic attitude of the author toward the ideal aspects of Bolshevism.*]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung, April* 17
(Radical Liberal Daily)

We now know in a general way how things look in Soviet Russia. We are aware that they are very bad. Yet there are many people who still insist that these unfavorable accounts are colored to influence opinion. This can hardly be said of a book written by a man who is himself a Bolshevik. I refer to Arthur Holitscher's *Three Months in Soviet Russia*. Holitscher is a writer of high rank, among whose works is an excellent book upon the United States which shows that he possesses in an unusual degree the faculty of seeing things and of describing vividly what he has seen. Always a radical in politics, he has become an outright convert to Bolshevism during the last few years. He visited Russia and left the country a Bolshevik. He cherishes the conviction that the Red Star of the Soviets is the beacon light of salvation and he says this frankly in his book. But precisely for this reason — because we are reading the testimony of a convert to Bolshevism — what he says is most interesting; for it confirms everything that we have heard hitherto regarding conditions in Soviet Russia. Holitscher has made an honest effort to tell the truth. His absolute faith in the future of Bolshevism makes it possible for him to describe frankly and without reserve the Russia of to-day, — and it is a sad enough picture which he draws.

Holitscher went to Russia as a correspondent of the United Press. He tells us that representatives of the foreign press reside in Russia 'in houses under military guard.' 'Felt-slippered spies sneak through the halls and the greasy imprint of unwashed ears circles every keyhole. People are at the mercy of any clothes-closet *Torquemada*.' Before leaving the country every bit of written and printed paper in a man's possession must be submitted for inspection to the Extraordinary Commission, . . . 'A man hides everything he knows of importance in his own memory in order to guard it from the misunderstanding and stupidity of spies and boundary guards. This condition, of always being upon the intellectual defensive, gradually produces abnormal spiritual depression, a specific Moscow psychosis, which is harder to endure than all the other privations which men suffer in Russia.' Most interesting of all is the attitude which the Bolsheviki insist upon the inquirers who visit their country adopting. 'I was constantly told: "What we need here is men of imagination: none of your petty, plodding matter-of-fact people whose horizon extends no further than the end of their noses." I pointed out to several of the gentlemen who expressed themselves to me in this way that the leaders of the Bolsheviki denied most emphatically that they were seeking a Utopia — but that their eagerness to be judged only by foreigners gifted with vivid imagination seemed

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to indicate just the contrary; that the observer was asked to interpret the conditions of to-day, the things he actually sees, in the light of the glorious vision of a future Utopia and never to let that vision dim. And, indeed, this is the truth.'

Bolshevism seeks to liberate the masses. Nevertheless — 'This liberation of the masses is not to be taken literally; for if liberty means self-direction, freedom of movement, *dolce far niente* when the impulse seizes one, then liberty does not exist in Russia. Everyone suffers from its absence — not the intellectuals alone; those who suffer most are the working-people of Russia.' The conditions under which the Russian workers live to-day are summarized in this sentence: 'The workingman's liberty to move about and to choose his occupation no longer exists.' The author there places his finger upon the most dreadful condition which a man of Central and Western Europe could experience. But it could not be otherwise under a system which attempts the most fantastically extreme centralization of the machinery of production and management which the world has ever witnessed. In spite of that, this system is unable to provide its people with the mere essentials of existence. Holitscher visited several factories. In one of the large textile mills, the machines were no longer in a condition to run and the workers had to make primitive cylinders of wood. [Teazle cylinders for dressing cloth.] 'For each member of his family every office employee and operative is entitled to eleven *sajen* of ground in the immediate vicinity of the factory. This land he is allowed to cultivate. The arrangement has its advantages and its disadvantages. Since the government rations are often utterly inadequate and the operatives are hardly able to perform their tasks on account of weakness from lack of food, no objection can be made to permitting part of the factory force to devote half a day at a time to gardening — to raising turnips, potatoes, and the like. The only way to prevent this enforced sabotage of factory production is to pay high premiums for regularity.' The manager of a factory frankly admitted that his books were not properly kept. He could give only the vaguest general idea of the factory's output and the raw materials supplied him. In describing a cotton factory at Ivanovo, Holitscher says: 'We saw here heroic efforts to perform one's duty side by side with much touching misery. Pale women rushed up to our Zetkin [Clara Zetkin, the German Communist leader, who was visiting Russia] and showed their bark sandals. The first winter frost was already lying on the ground outside. They begged their friend and leader to intercede with Comrade Lenin and to have him send more bread and more shoes to Ivanovo.' Holitscher learned at a great cloak factory that many of the women employed incurred the risk of heavy penalties for violating the labor rules, in order to stay away half a day at a time to sew on cloaks for the wives of rich profiteers. The pay for such articles of clothing ranged from 60,000 to 80,000 roubles.

Every man is compelled by law to work from the time he is sixteen years old until he is fifty years old. In case of women the obligation ends at forty years of age. The working-time has been increased by 'Communist Saturdays' which started as a voluntary contribution of labor by the employees of the Kasan Railway but were soon made compulsory by law and extended to include Sundays. 'From the voluntary Saturday over-time of the Kasan Railway servants, there has developed compulsory six hours' labor over Sunday throughout all Russia. . . . Labor for the common weal, the very essence and

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heart of the Communist idea, is thereby losing more and more its inherent ethical meaning.'

The people are bowed down under the fearful weight of centralized control. Holitscher addresses the following consoling words regarding this to the proletariat of the world: 'The centralization of all the machinery of government and of production begets an enormous and inconceivably overgrown bureaucracy which gradually makes itself independent of all outside control. So you find yourself again working for a crowd of more or less idle and parasitic individuals. You have to toil and moil for them merely in order that they may prevent capitalist exploiters from robbing you; and you place in their hands control over everything which you produce with your brains and muscles.' That is rather cold comfort. The bureaucrats get along fairly well in Russia even to-day: 'I have seen untold, indescribable misery in nearly every class of the population. I saw only one class — except the children — which was still comfortable and happy. This was a small, and in the true sense of the word, parasitic bourgeois middle class of new bureaucrats, which has got itself together, God knows from where, which makes merry over the curiosity and honest endeavors of strangers to investigate the soviet system and hinders their labor either through ignorance or malice. . . . This class, which we can properly call a new bourgeoisie, a soviet bourgeoisie, is composed of ambitious, cynical, corrupt men who are undermining the whole government and will probably be the first to raise the white flag over its ruins, if ever it falls. . . . It does not seem probable that the soviet leaders will ever be able to cut this cancer out of their body politic.'

Very skillfully, indeed, have the Bolshevist rulers schemed to win the support of the peasants. They allowed Denikin and Petljura and others to overrun the land as far as they wished, for they knew that these reactionaries would be stupid enough to try to take away from the peasants the land which the Bolsheviki had given them. Since the peasants have become convinced that all the efforts to restore the old system in Russia would, if successful, deprive them of their farms, they prefer Bolshevism, although they are by no means enthusiastically in favor of Communism.

We know already how the Bolshevist papers look. Three-quarters of their space is taken up with polemics and the other fourth with alleged accounts of the progress of the world revolution. These papers are pasted up on every wall and it is constantly hammered into the heads of the people that the world revolution is in progress, until at last, men revolt at the monotonous repetition of this same old story. A few men can not keep the truth away from 150,000,000 people forever.

Art is in utter chaos. Holitscher discussed the subject with Stanislavski, the director of the 'Artists' Theatre,' and found him in absolute despair. 'He told me sadly that the proletarian public would not patronize his theatre and the proletarian poets wrote nothing worth producing. Art, like private and public life, is struggling through a morass, is facing complete disintegration, and there is not the slightest indication as yet of better things to come. For a generation, at least, art will remain completely at sea. The utmost to be hoped for is that it may retain a spark of life in vegetative quiescence. . . . Artists are starved, not only physically but also mentally. . . . Painters, sculptors, musicians, with whom I talked in Russia, suffered greater hardships than all their material privations imposed, from being utterly cut off from

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contact with the art of the rest of the world, in spite of all the efforts which the People's Commissioner for Popular Enlightenment makes to lift, or to relieve the stringency of, the intellectual blockade. . . . I once asked a man at the Kremlin, who was certainly in a position to know, whether any of the new poets of Russia, except Biedny, had caught the ear of the masses? How the public — no, the people — regarded the young poets, especially the proletarian poets? The man in the Kremlin stared at me with open eyes. "Poets? The public? The people? Proletarian poets? Ten hysterical women — that is all the public the Russian poets have to-day."'

Fearful, indeed, is the fate of the educated classes. Holitscher speaks of their ruin. He visited the 'Scholars' House' where scientists are supported. It is the double palace of two of the former grand dukes, but it is absolutely neglected, filthy, and fetid with evil odors. The rooms are bare and gloomy, furnished with a few old broken pieces of court furniture, side by side with a clutter of all the meaner articles to which poverty is forced to cling. Holitscher says: 'One room is occupied by a famous geographer, a member of many learned societies of Europe. He spread out before us a great map which he had drawn, where he had indicated his theory of the ocean currents and the air currents by colored lines. An Italian comrade chanced to be with us. The geographer dwelt with lingering pleasure on the good old times when he had attended geographical congresses at Rome and Florence. He must be still remembered there. People must ask sometimes, "What has happened to X? Is he still alive?" He quoted two passages from the *Divine Comedy* with mournful emphasis: *Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate!* (Leave hope behind, you who enter here!) *Nessun maggior dolore, che ricordarsi dei tempi felici nella miseria.* (No greater grief than to remember the happy past in your days of misery.) We passed on farther. Side by side ranged the rooms allotted to the greatest scholars of the country. Is this a home, a tarrying-place for a brief time, or a prison? But that is the very question I had been asking myself all these months, wherever I was, at the Kremlin, in the city, or out in the country. Here men were living practically in cells, side by side: biologists, physicians, jurists. The artists and poets of Russia, with whom I had an opportunity to talk, were all depressed and unhappy. Many made no secret of their distress and revolt. Others concealed it, but their eyes were wild with desperation.'

Holitscher asks why the Russian intellectuals are the step-children of the Bolsheviki. Why do the people at the Kremlin talk of them as 'd — d intellectuals.' His reply is: 'The Bolsheviki are a party. A Socialist party has all the characteristics of a religious sect. There is nothing so bitter as the mortal enmity of intellectuals to intellectuals. Nothing so unappeasable as that relentless hostility, that *odium theologicum* with which sect persecutes sect. The Russian prisons are filled with Cadets, Mensheviki, and Social Revolutionaries, with the men who brought about the Russian revolution, with the men and women whom the Tsar's government persecuted, imprisoned, and exiled. Some of them, in fact, are again, after a brief day of freedom, occupying the same cells which they occupied under the Tsar.' The Bolsheviki are resolved to destroy and exterminate the whole intellectual class rather than to compromise with it. A single exception is the great baritone singer, Schalyapin. They let him carry on as he wishes and violate all the regulations, providing only that he sing.

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How does Petrograd look? 'There is no use mincing matters,' says Holitscher, 'Petrograd is a ruined city; or better said a city that has fallen into a stupor from which there is little hope that it will revive. . . . Whole streets, as long as some of the more important streets of Berlin, are utterly empty and uninhabited. The formerly aristocratic quarters around the Moika and Italianskaya are so deserted and barren that it startles one to see a face looking out of a window or to note a curtain or other evidence of occupancy.'

As we all know, trade has been suppressed. Still there is an immense underground and illegal traffic and a few shops remain open. Holitscher occasionally bought something in these places to eke out his Communist fare. Every day or so, he would buy a roast chicken for 7500 roubles. 'I did not stoop to this counter-revolutionary conduct without being compelled to by necessity. All we got at our place of residence, where we had very beautiful quarters although they were scarcely above the freezing temperature, day in and day out, was a kind of bread which resembled peat, a very little butter, some dirty cubes of sugar, which looked as if they had been battered about on every battle-front since the beginning of the war, and the thinnest of tea. Each day, also, we received a transparent vegetable soup, and *kascha*, *kascha*, *kascha!* *Kascha* is a kind of gruel. I know not what kind of husks and bran it was made of, but we ate it, month after month, at Moscow. It was not made of the grain itself, but of the bran. Possibly bark was mixed with it. Our *kascha* occasionally had a color which it was difficult to ascribe to a botanical origin. Only on the rarest occasions did we have meat and potatoes. At still longer intervals we were treated with a tin of canned stuff, fish, or a piece of cheese. When we took trips with high officials, our fare was noticeably better.'

The children have relatively a more comfortable time. The care taken of them is the only ray of light that enters the great Russian prison. 'The children of Russia, even the children of the poorest, are comfortable and happy. The government provides them with the best that the unhappy land affords. The confiscated villas, castles, and palace of the wealthy, both in town and country, have been converted into children's homes, children's sanatoriums, and kindergartens. Nowhere in Russia do any of the population receive the number of calories necessary for the preservation of perfect health — unless it be the soldiers at the front. Certainly no others, either within or without the Kremlin, get such a ration. However, it is most nearly approached in case of the children. Many of the old estates — including Yasnaya-Polyana, Tolstoy's home — have been converted into children's colonies.' In spite of that, privation reigns even here. 'There are not enough school-books. There is not enough paper to write on. Four children must get along with one lead pencil. Fuel is scarce. Shoes are lacking. Hundreds of thousands of poor children have no footwear and can not go to school. In spite of every effort to make the life of the little ones pleasant and happy, the system often breaks down.'

One constantly hears two words in Russia. One is *remont*. It means 'repairs'; and when you hear a man say *remont*, it means that the thing has gone to ruin, that it can not be repaired. The other word is *koschmar*. Holitscher says you hear this word as often as the other one. It is a Russian word and means the same as the French *cauchemar* 'nightmare'. The bourgeosie indicates its present condition by this word. Every day which passes and rivets the system of Communism still

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more firmly on the country, plunges the middle classes deeper into their horrible dream. For they see the time drawing closer, or already at hand, when nothing which they have buried in the cellar or hidden in a closet will be left.

In the matter of religion, the Bolsheviki have had precisely the experience which any man understanding this side of human psychology would have predicted. It was their first idea to exterminate religion, and the result has been, according not only to Holitscher but other observers as well, that religion has steadily grown stronger. Its influence, which never was weak in Russia, has become more powerful than ever. Many touchingly simple incidents illustrate this. Near the building formerly occupied by the Duma is a little chapel to the Iberian Virgin Mary. Opposite it was formerly an ikon of another Madonna set into a wall. The Bolsheviki smashed this as they did many other holy pictures. 'In its place they put a tablet with this quotation from Marx: "Religion is opium for the people." The honest but illiterate peasants who make pilgrimages to the Iberian Virgin, and know, from what previous pilgrims have told them, that there used to be another holy picture set into the wall opposite the chapel, now cross themselves twelve times before the chapel proper, and twelve times before the quotation from Karl Marx.'

The Bolsheviki have exerted themselves to stamp out the old popular belief in miracles. With this object in view they opened the tombs of the saints throughout the country and shipped the open coffins with their ghastly remains all over Russia. From the villages and from the countryside the peasants flocked to the railway stations to see these coffins. 'But what does the peasant say? He says the saints were smarter than the Bolsheviki — that when the October revolution occurred, they promptly got out of their coffins and went up to heaven, and left behind all this rubbish where they had been before.'

Imposing compulsory labor on the priests has also produced just the reverse of the effect intended. When the people saw not only their 'popes',— for whom it is true they had little use before, — but also more highly reverenced monks and other ecclesiastics condemned to the heaviest labor, they were tremendously wrought up about it. So the peasants and the poor people furnish their clergymen food and clothing, and do their best to comfort them. As a result, the clergy to-day are more respected and better supported relatively than ever before. In Bolshevist Russia marriage has been made 'a farce and a joke — I might almost say like money. Whoever has the leisure and the taste for that sort of thing, whether a man or a woman, can get married four times and get divorced three times in a week. A week has seven days. . . . The government provides for the children, and the general effect has been to disintegrate the family.'

Arthur Holitscher concludes his book with the statement that the feeling he brought back from Russia is: A Communist religion must evolve from the Bolshevist political system. 'So long as Bolshevism is compelled to devote itself entirely to economic problems and principles, it can accomplish no more than to substitute for the capitalist organization of production a similar although juster method of production, securing a more equitable distribution of labor and goods. Until Bolshevism has passed through this period, it cannot take up the problem of the relations between individuals. However, men come first, and the experience is fairly burned into one in Russia that progress toward Bolshevism can only occur under the duress of iron compul-

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sion. A system which has for its ultimate aim the triumph of the liberated individual, actually outlaws the individual and promises to suppress his liberty of action for an indefinite time to come.'

We are under great obligations to Holitscher for his effort to describe conditions in Russia exactly as they are. His faith in the future of Communism interests us relatively less. He is a good word-painter, but he lacks the qualifications for social and economic criticism. A poet has become possessed of an ideal; that is all. He fails in one other point. Did he look deeper, he would discover that the Bolsheviki have destroyed themselves in destroying the family; for no government, no society can survive which is not founded on family life. However, the Bolsheviki themselves are undermining the very system they have erected. Their arbitrary domination will come to an end. It is an illusion to fancy that a resumption of trade with other countries will preserve it. We must confess, however, that Bolshevism will not pass away without leaving its traces behind. A great people cannot pass through such soul-shaking experiences without their affecting the whole national psychology. Moreover, the Bolsheviki have done something to leaven the dull mass of Russia's ignorance. But the final outcome will be something very different from what the Bolsheviki and Arthur Holitscher anticipate.

THE DURNOVO MEMORANDUM. I.

[*While the verdict of history will doubtless place the direct responsibility for the war where the world's opinion places it to-day, there is an anterior war-guilt of wider ramifications of which the layman is less informed. The following memorandum which Peter Nikolaevich Durnovo, a former Russian Minister of the Interior, and an extreme Conservative, submitted to the Tsar only a few months before the war broke out, throws an important light upon the diplomatic deployment of the great European Powers during the period preceding that catastrophe. Of course this memorandum may have been inspired by Berlin.*]

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, April* 6, 16
(Hugo Stinnes Semi-Official Press)

The principal factor shaping world history at the present moment is the rivalry between England and Germany. This rivalry must inevitably precipitate a war between those countries, the outcome of which will be in all probability the destruction of one of them. The interests and ambitions of these two powers are irreconcilably opposed. Their simultaneous existence as powers of the first rank will sooner or later prove impossible. On one side is an island empire, whose world importance is based upon sea power, sea trade, and far-flung colonies; on the other side, is a continental power whose limited territories cannot hold its growing population. For this reason Germany frankly declares that its future lies on the water; it has developed its world trade with magic speed; it has built a powerful navy to protect that trade; and with its famous motto, 'Made in Germany,' it has thrust a deadly blow at the in-

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dustrial and commercial supremacy of its opponent. England naturally will not yield without a struggle and consequently a fight to the death with Germany is inevitable.

Under no conceivable circumstances can this armed conflict between England and Germany be confined to those parties alone, for their resources are too unlike, and their points of attack too inadequate. Germany might cause a revolt in India, in South Africa, and, what would be particularly dangerous, in Ireland. It could use privateers, and possibly submarines, to paralyze English commerce and cause a shortage of food in Great Britain. But able as the German army commanders may be, they will hardly venture to make a landing in England, unless by some happy accident they are able to destroy or seriously to cripple the English fleet. On the other hand, Germany is perfectly safe from direct attack by England. All the latter power could do would be to seize Germany's colonies, impede its trans-oceanic commerce and, if very lucky, destroy its navy. That is the limit of its power, however, and it is not enough to make that enemy sue for peace. It is therefore beyond doubt that England will try the device it has so successfully used before, and attack only when assured that some other great power, more advantageously situated strategically than itself, will share the contest. Since, however, Germany likewise will not fight alone, the coming war between these two countries will at once develop into a war between two great alliances, led respectively by Germany and by England.

. . . Up to the time of the Russian-Japanese war our government did not commit itself to either of these parties. Ever since Alexander III became Tsar, Russia had been a party to a defensive alliance with France, by which each state agreed to aid the other in case it was attacked, but did not obligate itself to support by force of arms every political enterprise of its ally. At the same time, the Russian court continued its traditional friendship with Berlin. It was due chiefly to this international arrangement that peace prevailed in Europe for so many years, in spite of the accumulating political explosives on that continent. France felt guaranteed against German attack by its Russian alliance. Germany felt guaranteed against a French war of vengeance by Russia's long-tested friendship and love of peace. Russia's conduct was controlled by its need of Germany's friendship to moderate Austro-Hungarian ambition in the Balkans. England, isolated on one side by its rivalry with Russia in Persia and its traditional fear of encroachment upon India, and on the other by its friction with France, watched uneasily the growth of Germany's sea-power, without inviting actual hostilities with that country.

However, the war between Russia and Japan overturned all old arrangements in Europe, and enabled Great Britain to escape from its isolation. During that war England and America were benevolently neutral toward Japan, while France and Germany observed the same attitude toward Russia. One might have supposed that this would suggest the natural lines for future political alliances. But our diplomats made a sudden about-face, and began to court England. France was drawn into the same channel. There thus came about a triple entente in which England holds the dominant position. From that date an eventual conflict with the German group of powers became unavoidable.

. . . If a person studies attentively the incidents which followed the Portsmouth Treaty, he will have difficulty in discovering any real advantages

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which we derive from our *rapprochement* with England. The only positive gain — bettering our relations with Japan — was hardly due to that. Russia and Japan are normally friendly. Russia's interests in Asia, if rightly comprehended, nowhere conflict with the interests of Japan. Our ambitions there are really very modest. A few visionary Russian fantasts and the excessive nervousness of Japan — which made its leaders take these fantasts seriously — precipitated a war which a little diplomatic common sense might have avoided. Russia needed neither Korea nor Port Arthur. It is of course an advantage to have a port on the open sea; but the sea itself is not a market. It is a highway for carrying goods. Now we have not at present, nor shall we have within a predictable time, Siberian merchandise which we shall want to ship to trans-oceanic markets. We can be perfectly certain that the United States, with its up-to-date farms and factories, and even far poorer Japan, will easily monopolize the markets of the Orient. Our rivals there would always be able to out-compete us. The only region where we would have any chance at all would be Central China which is reached by land carriage. Consequently, our principal interest in an open harbor would be for the importation of foreign goods, rather than for the exportation of our own products.

On the other hand, Japan was not anxious to make territorial acquisitions in the Far East at our expense, whatever men may say. The Japanese are by taste and temperament a southern people. They will never be attracted by the dour climate and sterile soil of our Siberian provinces. Every one knows that the northern part of Japan, the island of Yezo, is thinly populated. In all probability, the Japanese will have difficulty in colonizing the southern part of Saghalien, which we have ceded them by the Portsmouth Treaty. Having secured possession of Korea and Formosa, Japan is not likely to extend farther northward. It is far more probable that its territorial ambitions will lie in the direction of the Philippines, Indo-China, Java, and Sumatra. In a word, there is no reason why Russia and Japan should not get along very well together in the Far East, without the help of England. Japan is a poor country which finds its powerful army and navy a heavy burden. Its insular position compels it to lay principal stress upon its navy. An alliance with Russia would enable it to concentrate its energy upon that arm, against its future opponent, the United States, and to leave the defense of its continental interests to ourselves. On the other hand, if we were to rely upon the Japanese fleet to defend our Pacific seaboard, we would need to have no further care and expense in that quarter.

Therefore our understanding with England will do nothing to improve our relations with Japan or to strengthen our position in Manchuria and Mongolia. Our efforts to establish relations with Tibet have been vigorously opposed by Great Britain. Our position in Persia has nowise improved. In fact, as soon as we had come to terms with Great Britain, a series of mysterious agitations started up in all parts of that country to get an absolutely impracticable constitution. This resulted in the overthrow of a shah who was the tried and trusted friend of Russia and decidedly strengthened our British rivals. In fact, we have been playing a losing game all along the line, sacrificing prestige, money, and blood, in lackey service for the English.

However, the most unhappy results of our engagements with England and the inevitable enmity to Germany which these imply have manifested themselves in the Near East. We are all familiar

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with Bismarck's statement that the Balkans were not worth to Germany the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier. Nowadays, however, Balkan problems interest that country very much indeed, since it has taken the Sick Man of Europe under its protection. However, Germany even now shows no disposition to sacrifice its good relations with Russia for its Balkan objects. We have definite proof of that. It would have been easy for Austria, at the time of the Russian-Japanese War and the subsequent disorders in our country, to carry out its long cherished plans in the Balkan Peninsula. Russia had not yet linked its destinies with those of England, and Austria-Hungary had no compelling motive to defer action. As soon as we began to cultivate intimacy with England, Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina — something it could have done much more easily in 1905 and 1906. At once the Albanian question became acute, with the eventual selection of Prince Wied. Russia tried to counter Austria's intriguing in that quarter by a Balkan alliance. That combination, as might have been expected, proved a disappointment. It was designed to work against Austria, but immediately attacked Turkey, whereupon its members fell apart in a wrangle over their booty. The result of this was to throw Turkey into Germany's arms. From the standpoint of the Sultan, the Russian-English Entente was a declaration that Great Britain had renounced its traditional policy of keeping the Tsar's hands off the Dardanelles. The formation of a Balkan alliance under Russia's patronage was a direct threat to the existence of Turkey as a European power.

So we see that our English flirtation has so far brought us nothing of real value. It promises in the future to involve us in an unavoidable clash of arms with Germany. Under what conditions will the conflict occur and what will be its probable outcome?

Obviously, the grouping of the powers in the coming war will be as follows: Russia, England and France on one side, and Germany, Austria and Turkey on the other. It is more than likely that other powers will be drawn into the conflict, though that will depend upon conditions we cannot yet foresee. But whatever the case, whether the war breaks out over a Balkan incident, or a colonial incident — like that of Algeciras — the grouping I have just mentioned will be the same. If Italy is alive to its interests, it will not take sides with Germany. Political and economic reasons combine to make that government seek annexations, and that is possible only at the expense of Austria or of Turkey. Consequently it is perfectly natural that Italy should not take the side of the powers whose territorial integrity is incompatible with its own ambitions. More than that, it is not impossible that Italy will join Germany's enemies outright if the fortunes of war should incline in their favor. That would be the proper course to insure that Italy may receive due consideration when the booty is to be divided. All these arguments apply with obvious modifications to Rumania which will presumably remain neutral until the victory of one party or another can be safely predicted. Then it will obey enlightened self-interest and join the winner, in the hope of enlarging its territories at the cost of either Russia or Austria. There is no question but what Serbia and Montenegro will join the enemies of Austria. Bulgaria, and Albania, if the latter territory gets a real government, will join the side hostile to Serbia. Greece will presumably stay neutral, or ally itself with Turkey's enemies. However, it will not take the latter step until the outcome

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of the war is fairly clear. The participation of other powers will depend more or less on chance, but we must always bear in mind the possibility of Sweden's joining our enemies.

Under these circumstances our campaign against Germany will be extremely difficult. It will cost us untold sacrifices. We shall find our enemies prepared, probably far better prepared than we anticipated. We are not entitled to assume that this preparation proves that Germany is seeking war. Germany does not need a war, if it can by any other means attain its object of destroying England's monopoly of the sea. As soon as it finds itself checked in that purpose by a coalition, Germany will not shrink from battle, even from inviting a conflict at the most favorable moment.

Russia will unquestionably have to bear the brunt of the fighting. England is hardly in a position to take the chief rôle in a land war in Europe. France has not the human resources to stand the colossal drain which a war fought with our present devices will make on the manhood of that country. Presumably it will be forced to fight a strictly defensive campaign. We shall have to supply the battering-ram to break through Germany's solid wall of defense.

. . . America and Japan are both hostile to Germany, the first because of its natural political sympathies, and the second by reason of its present alliances. Therefore we could not expect either country to side with Germany. Furthermore, whatever the outcome of the coming war it will weaken Russia and direct its attention toward the west. This will serve the interests of both Japan and the United States. So our Pacific frontier is fairly safe; at the worst we may be forced to make a few economic concessions there in return for benevolent neutrality. Still another possibility exists. America and Japan may range themselves with Germany's active enemies. Naturally their sole reason for so doing will be to seize that country's exposed colonies.

On the other hand we are sure, in case we fight Germany, to have trouble in Persia, and Mohammedan insurrections in the Caucasus and Turkestan. We must also consider the possibility that Afghanistan will turn against us. Last of all, we may anticipate extremely unpleasant developments in Poland and Finland. Finland is certain to revolt if Sweden joins our enemies. We probably cannot hold Poland throughout the war. As soon as our enemies seize it they will attempt to arouse the Poles against us. This will not be a very serious danger, but it must be reckoned amongst the unfavorable factors; especially since our allies will urge us to take steps in Poland which will harm us more than an open revolt.

Are we prepared for such an obstinate struggle as the coming European war promises to be? We must answer unreservedly in the negative. I would be the last person in the world to dispute the improvement in our army since we fought Japan. But it is equally certain that we are still far from prepared for the war which now impends. Our new and inexperienced Duma is partly responsible for this. It has dealt with national defense in altogether too dilettante a way. The Duma representatives have no conception of the seriousness of our military situation. The numerous abortive legislative proposals relating to the military and naval establishment are sufficient evidence of this.

In the opinion of experts we have made decided progress since the Japanese war in training our troops. They regard our field artillery as already satisfactory. We have a fair supply of serviceable up-to-date small arms. But it is equally indisputable that we are

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far from ready for a protracted conflict. We have not enough supplies, a condition for which the Ministry of War cannot be held responsible, because the unsatisfactory output of our munitions works has made it impossible to accumulate them. This is the more disturbing because our manufacturing industries are still so primitive and inadequate, that we cannot hope to manufacture sufficient munitions and equipment at home in case of war, while we shall probably be cut off from shipments by the Baltic and Black Seas as soon as hostilities occur. . . . Our supply of heavy artillery, the importance of which was proved during the war with Japan, is utterly inadequate. We have very few machine guns; we have hardly begun to put our frontier fortresses in shape for a modern defence, and even the fortifications of Reval, which protect the approach to our capital, are not completed. Our network of strategic railways is inadequate, and our rolling stock, while perhaps sufficient for our needs in time of peace, could not begin to meet the demands of war.

Finally, we should bear in mind that the impending conflict will be between nations of the highest engineering and scientific attainment. Every great war has produced a revolution in military technique. But our industries are so backward that it is hopeless to think of their giving us new discoveries and inventions in the midst of a conflict.

. . . But even were we to win, would we be compensated for the sacrifices which such a war will impose upon us? Russia and Germany have no real conflicting interests. There is no essential reason why we should not dwell together in peace. Germany's future lies on the water, precisely where Russia, as the greatest continental power, has no ambitions whatever. We have no overseas colonies and presumably will never have them. Communication within our own dominions is in all cases shorter and easier by land than by water. We have no excess population to compel us to seek new territories.

What value would the conquests we might make at Germany's expense in case of victory have for us? Posen and West Prussia? But why should we want these densely populated regions, which are inhabited by Poles, when we find the Poles we already have so embarrassing? Why should we add to the forces which tend to separate Poland from Russia by annexing the restless Poles of Posen and West Prussia — people whose nationalist agitation has defied even Prussia's stern repression?

The same applies to Galicia. To annex in the name of national sentimentalism a territory which has been separated from us for centuries, and with which we have ceased to have vital ties, is certainly of doubtful advisability. The so-called Ukrainian movement is not dangerous now. But to multiply unnecessarily our restless Ukrainian subjects would encourage the growth of an agitation which unquestionably contains the germ of an extremely dangerous secessionist doctrine and, under favoring conditions, may become a serious threat to the Empire's integrity.

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THE LAST WORD

BY A. I. KUPRIN

From *Neue Züricher Zeitung, April* 29
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

My tormentor has many forms and many faces, but he is none the less ever the same. He presents himself in the guise of a professor, of a physician, of an engineer, of a woman doctor, of a lawyer, of a girl student, of a writer, of the wife of a tax collector, of an estate owner, of an official, of traveling companions, of callers, guests, visitors, spectators, of a reader, of my next-door neighbor at my summer cottage. In my early youth I was so simple as to suppose that these were all different people. The truth was they were always one person, and one person alone. Bitter experience has taught me his name. It is — the Russian 'Intellectual.'

Even when he is not personally torturing me, he is leaving behind him everywhere his traces, his visiting-cards. When I climb a mountain I find on the summit the orange skins and sardine cans and chocolate paper he has left behind. I find his name written everywhere; on the bell tower of Ivanoff church, on the granite boulders of Imatra, on the walls of Bachtschisarai, on the sides of Lermontoff grotto: 'Mieve and Knoppchen, February 27, 1903' — 'Ivanoff' — 'A. M. Hoofer of Saripul' — 'Ivanoff' — 'Keller' — 'Ivanoff' — 'M.D. . . . P.A.R. Malchen and Adonis' — 'Trophus Livepound, City of Samara' — 'Ivanoff' — 'Adèle Nightingale from Minsk' — 'From this height S. Nicodemus Ivanovich Makellos enjoyed the view of the sea' —

I have read his verses and remarks in visitors' books everywhere, in Pushkin's House, in the mountain cabins of Lermontoff in the Caucasus, in ancient cloisters. 'The Tschikinoffs of Pensa were here. They drank *kvass* and ate smoked salmon. They wish you the same.' — 'The birthplace of the great Russian poet was visited to-day by Pistol, teacher of calligraphy in the boys' gymnasium at Voronesh.'

'Hail to thee, great Peter, mighty
Tsar, thou steadfast oak!
Your humble servant, Reservist Captain Bloke.'

Whenever I open a book, the first thing to catch my eye is invariably something like this: 'Panustcuko has read this book.' — 'The author of this book is a fool.' — 'The author never read Karl Marx.' Or I suddenly stumble upon a long worthless argument scribbled with a lead pencil on the margin. And it goes without saying that it is this same tormentor who breaks the corners of the books I read, tears pages out of them, and leaves greasy candle stains on their bindings!

Your Honor the Judge! I find it difficult to continue. This man, my tormentor, has insulted me. He has reviled what is dear and holy to me, he has made common the things that should be rare and reverenced. I have struggled for years to control myself. As time passed by, however, my nerves constantly got more and more on edge. I saw that the world was too small for both of us; one must die.

For many moons now I have been conscious that the slightest incident, some casual circumstance, would drive me to crime, and this is what has happened.

The details are already known to

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Your Honor. The railway train was so crowded that passengers were fairly sitting on top of each other's heads. That man and his wife and son — a boy about the age for entering high school — were occupying two whole seats with their pile of baggage. His uniform showed that he was an employee of the Department of Education. I stepped up to him and inquired: 'Is this seat occupied?'

He answered like a bulldog growling over a bone, without looking up: 'Yes, there's a gentleman sitting there; that's his luggage. He's coming back directly.'

The train started. I purposely remained standing near that seat. We traveled this way some ten miles and no gentleman came. I stood there silently, and gazed at the pedagogue. I felt sure he must have some little fibre of conscience left.

In vain. We journeyed on some fifteen miles more. He pulled out a lunch basket and the family started to eat breakfast. They drank tea. There was a little domestic row about the sugar.

'Petja! What have you been sneaking sugar for?

'On my word of honor, papa, I have n't taken a bit. I swear I have n't.'

'Don't swear, and don't lie! I carefully counted the pieces this morning on purpose. There were eighteen and now there are only seventeen.'

'Before God, father!'

'Stop swearing! It's a shameful thing to lie. I'll forgive you for anything else, but I'll never forgive you for lying. Only cowards lie. A man who will lie, will kill, steal, be disloyal to the Tsar, and betray his fatherland.'

And they had it back and forth interminably. I listened. I had heard that kind of talk all my life. When I was a little child my governess talked like that to me. Later it was my schoolteacher, and since I have grown up I have read that kind of stuff in 'Contributions from our Readers' in our most respectable newspapers.

Finally I decided to take part in the wrangle: 'You're blaming your son for lying when you yourself lie and before his face. You told me this seat was taken by a gentleman. Where is the gentleman? Show him to me!'

The teacher became as scarlet as a beet, and his eyes fairly rolled with fury: 'I beg your pardon, sir, don't insult me. Nobody's talking to you. Mind your own business. A gentlman does n't speak until he's introduced! Here, conductor, I want to register a complaint against this fellow. He has insulted me disgracefully. I demand that you do something. Otherwise I intend to notify the police and register a formal charge.'

The conductor looked at me paternally and withdrew. However, the teacher refused to settle down or to be appeased: 'You let other people alone as long as they leave you alone. You wear a hat and a collar, and probably pass as an educated man. A peasant or a mechanic might act like that, but not an "intellectual." '

In-tel-lec-tu-al! The hangman had called me a hangman! Enough . . . He had spoken his own doom.

I drew my revolver from the pocket of my overcoat, cocked it, pointed it directly at the end of the teacher's nose, looked him straight in the eyes, and said calmly: Pray.

He turned as pale as death, and shrieked: He-l-l-p! ! This was his last word. I pulled the trigger. . . .

Your Honor, this concludes my plea. Let me repeat again, I feel no remorse or pity. There is only one horrible thought that still remains with me and will continue to torment me until the end of my days, wherever they may be spent — whether in prison or in a madhouse. He has left a son. Suppose that boy grows up in his father's image?

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A SPANISH SCHOOL

BY ARTHUR CURTI

From *Neue Züricher Zeitung, April* 1–2
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

One of the pleasantest memories of a journey I made in Spain in the autumn of 1913 is of a chance call upon a worthy old school teacher, Don Buenaventura Amigo Pellicer. I was on my way to visit relatives at a new electric development in the Pyrenees, some ninety miles from the nearest railway. An accommodation train carried me from Barcelona to the railway terminus at Tarrega. My only traveling companions in the first-class coach were an elderly and remarkably untidy couple, an unshaven priest, and a couple of squalling children. I would have been happy to pay a higher fare for the comforts of even a third-class Swiss railway carriage. Although the sun set soon after we left Barcelona, our compartment was left in utter darkness. Not a building relieved the monotony of the landscape. I looked at my watch from time to time by the light of a match. My traveling companions, who soon were sound asleep, snored so loudly that I could not indulge in a nap myself. Finally about midnight, we reached Tarega. The station, likewise, was in complete darkness. A single employee was puttering around some distance away. I lighted a match and made a noise to attract attention, as I could not open my compartment door. This awakened my traveling companions with a start, and the car door finally yielded to our joint endeavors. I set out to find the only hotel reported to have passable accommodations, — the *Fonda Energía Eléctrica*, said to be fifty paces down the street from the station and then fifty paces to the left. Since I could see nothing in the utter darkness, I counted my steps. At the end of the fifty paces I reached a little square where I was surrounded by five mysterious forms with great pointed hats. Each grabbed for my traveling bag and insisted on taking me to his particular *fonda*. However, I tore myself away from them, turned fifty steps to the left, and sure enough, found the *Energía Eléctrica*. A cloud of tobacco smoke and buzzing flies filled the tiny office. As I was very hungry, I ordered a couple of eggs served in the shell — the safest food in an unknown country — and immediately thereafter sought my chamber, eager to get under a mosquito bar. I planned to leave early in the morning by automobile for the important works of the *Energía Eléctrica*, which are to furnish power from the Pyrenees to the city of Barcelona. But my hopes were disappointed. The automobile man, a surly, inquisitive Spanish hidalgo, bluntly refused to take me alone. He said he would have to wait for more passengers; and I had no choice but to abide his will. How was I to while away a long forenoon in such a God-forsaken place? It was a miserable little village, although the centre of a *municipio* which contains several thousand people and enjoys some importance as the last railway station for travelers going to the Pyrenees. Not a house, nor a tree, nor the slightest interesting elevation in the landscape was visible. The first foot hills of the Pyrenees are still far distant. Happily,

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I chanced upon a stalwart, jovial Swabian, who was here in the employ of the power company. He and his family were installed in a dilapidated building which had evidently seen better days. They gave me fresh eggs and a cup of excellent coffee, after which the eldest boy, a lad twelve years old, undertook to show me the town. It did n't take long to exhaust the sights, the most notable of which in local opinion is the movie-show, and at my suggestion we visited the school.

Boys and girls are taught in separate establishments here, the girls by Catholic sisters and the boys by Don Buenaventura. The schoolhouse is not recognizable as such from the outside. It looks like a shed and was possibly at one time some sort of a workshop. The teacher himself, a man some sixty years old, looked like an intelligent artisan in his green laborer's costume and cap; but he welcomed us cordially.

One hundred and forty boys of all ages between five and twenty years were sitting or standing in the room. This was the whole male school population, for Tarrega has but a single teacher and schoolroom. It seems hardly possible for boys to learn much under such conditions; and yet I convinced myself that the schoolmaster was a competent teacher and that his boys were making real progress in their studies. Naturally this demanded a good organization, and I discovered at my first glance that this existed.

The schoolmaster sat on a platform about half way down the long wall-side of the room with some ten of the oldest pupils gathered around him. He was going over a reading lesson with these. Two of the brightest boys sat on higher chairs as 'inspectors,' keeping the other children in order. Only half of the boys could be seated. These employed themselves with different writing-tasks, such as copy-book lessons, doing sums, and drawing; or studying alone. The others stood in groups of eight or ten around the walls or in the corners of the schoolroom. An older pupil was teaching each group what he himself had learned but shortly before. For instance, in one corner a number of boys five or six years old were gathered in front of a blackboard and a little chap eight years old was writing the alphabet for them. In another corner, a twelve-year old boy was pointing out places on a wall map to some ten-year old schoolmates. The hum of questions and answers and reciting filled the hall, creating such confusion that one had to become accustomed to it, as one does for instance to the apparent disorder of a stock exchange. When any group became too noisy, one of the young 'inspectors' on the high stools would interfere; and if that was not enough, Don Buenaventura himself would intervene. Naturally, each boy is ambitious to become a pupil-teacher.

As I walked among the seats, I noticed a bright little boy absorbed in a modern novel. The teacher told me he permitted that kind of reading. The main thing was for the child to be interested in what he was studying. A twenty-year old youth was seated alone on a bench in a corner with his back toward the other children, absorbed in studying a primer. His head and back were covered with flies. He had never gone to school until he was twenty years old, but was now trying to learn to read and write before performing military service. The teacher said: 'We could n't get this young fellow to go to school earlier. There's no law to compel it here. All the pupils who attend come voluntarily. If a child does not do so, he is the sufferer. There is nothing to prevent one pupil coming when eight years old, another when nine, and a third when ten. He can study or not as he likes.' Nevertheless, the teacher was

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fairly well satisfied with the regularity of attendance and the industry of his boys. The pupils impressed me as bright, and anxious to learn.

At the end of each hour there was a change of tasks. The pupils who had previously been studying or doing tasks on the benches left their places and gathered in little standing groups, while the boys who had been standing and reciting, or teaching oral lessons, took their places at the benches for 'silent' study.

In order to prevent too much confusion, through individual students leaving the room, a little tin flag was placed up over the teacher's platform on one side of which was written 'yes' and the other side, 'no.' Most of the requests of the pupils were answered by no.

A pleasant interruption occurred when a peasant woman came in bringing the teacher's steaming luncheon to him on the platform.

All the pupils joined in singing and in conjugating Spanish verbs, especially the irregular verbs. These conjugations are more difficult in Spanish than in the other Romance languages. In order to facilitate their mastery, the conjugations are taught in rhyme and are sung. The one hundred and forty boys formed in line close to the walls and marched around the room for a quarter of an hour in goose step, singing the conjugations in time to their steps, under the leadership of a boy-conductor who stood on the platform. At first glance, this exercise looked rather comical. The children evidently enjoyed it immensely, and there was no doubt that it fixed in their memories the most difficult forms of the Spanish conjugations. Just imagine a whole class marching rhythmically in column and chanting: *Io tengo, tu tiénes, el tiéne, Nosotros tenémos, vosótros tenéis,* etc. The multiplication table is taught in exactly the same manner.

After an exercise of this sort, Don Buenaventura delivered a little speech to the boys in my honor. He introduced me as a lawyer who had come from Switzerland, and was particularly interested in school matters, and had made a special visit to this school for that reason. He told them that this was a great honor for himself and for the pupils. He hoped I would carry a good impression home with me, not only of this school and of these pupils, but of Catalonia. Please note he said Catalonia and not Spain. The Catalonians think themselves immeasurably superior to the Spaniards, and insist on a sharp distinction being drawn between their province and the rest of the kingdom.

After the teacher had made his little speech, the pupils again arranged themselves around the wall and sang the national hymn — *Salve bandera. . . .* This is sung only on special occasions. I fancy that it was in my honor also that Don Buenaventura himself beat the time, for during the other exercises, this was done by the 'inspectors.' I noticed also that, during the hymn, the schoolmaster took off his cap which he otherwise wore throughout the session.

Just before the school was dismissed, each pupil went to his seat to get his penholder, and then took his proper position in the column around the wall. Again the boys marched in goose step past the platform where there was a rack with one hundred and forty holes. As each child passed, he put his penholder in its hole — much as the flag bearers in our Swiss shooting-festivals solemnly deposit their flags in the color quarters.

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MANÈGE

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

From *The Manchester Guardian, April* 12
(Radical Liberal Daily)

A man I know, something of a poet, with a pronounced inclination toward living his poetry as well as imagining it, married out of his caste, a village girl. When I went to see him the other day he told me something about his wife which I have taken the pains to confirm by observation. He did the thing thoroughly, you must understand, when, at the call of instinct, or love, he decided to step down, — or up, as he claimed it; for he lived unaffectedly in a cottage and did not concern himself to earn more than was subsistence on or about the cottage scale for the two of them, and what else their union might involve. He had something, and he made something. I suppose, at the outside, £300 a year came in. That doesn't go very far in these days. He did his full share of household duty, ran the garden and an allotment, and would never suffer her to undergo any of the heavy daily jobs. It was he who wound up the bucket from the draw-well, carried the coals, chopped the firewood, cleaned the boots. He was always down before her, to light the kitchen fire and make her a cup of tea. In the intervals of these tasks he observed nature, birds chiefly, and scribbled when the fancy invited. But really nothing of that matters, except to point out the brisk, conscientious, theoretical fellow he was, and is.

He said, 'My wife is a beautiful woman, as you will allow' — I did, and I do, — 'and she is at the same time the most innately good woman I have ever known; but the most beautiful feature she has, at once the most expressive of herself and beneficent to mankind, is her hands. Have you ever noticed them? Do, when you can, without her finding you out. She knows that I admire them, and it makes her shy. But watch her handle a loaf of bread when she is cutting it; observe how the fingers travel and adjust themselves, each doing a definite piece of work. Watch her sewing, and don't omit to observe the play of the hand which is hidden in the work. Watch her, above all, knitting. The handplay then is like the running of some exquisitely timed engine. I can sit and look at it for hours together, and gain thereby higher hopes of our *genus* than I have ever been able to afford myself until now. Some day there may be reared in this place boys and girls with hands like their mother's to carry on the tradition.'

I asked him, 'Do you allow so little for your share in the transaction? Does brain go for nothing?'

He faced it. 'You are confusing substance and accident; mental capacity with education. I am more educated than she is, but my mental capacity is not necessarily higher. Or, in any case, it is her hands against my head. I prefer to look at final causes when I can; and here the heart, or the will if you please, is the important thing. What are we actually here for? The scientists, the clergy, the engineers, and the grocers all say progress. Progress to what end? Each of them names a different end.'

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'The scientists, at least,' I said, 'and very possibly the clergymen also, would name knowledge as the end.'

'No doubt they would. The engineer would put it at ease of production, and the grocer at wealth. My answer to all of them would be this: We are here in a world which we did not make and cannot fundamentally alter. The utmost we can do is to make it more tolerable for ourselves. I don't mean by that one's self; I mean for our *genus*. Now the virtues which will do that are moral rather than intellectual. If you wish for a tolerable world it must be one in which you can be happy. To be happy you must be good. Happiness, in short, is an affair for the heart and hands rather than for the mind. Quite certainly you nourish the mind at the expense of the other two; and if you do that you make the world in the long run a less tolerable place. I don't say that pure science — mathematics, metaphysics, and such like — won't give exquisite happiness to the qualified practitioner. But that is incommunicable happiness — not like religion, or applied art, or domestic labor, or agriculture, all of which give communicable happiness.'

'Medicine?' I asked him. 'Surgery?'

'Both altruistic,' he replied, 'and one at least an affair of the hands.'

His vehemence interested me. I said, 'You are indeed a lover.'

'Watch her hands,' he said. So I did.

She came in by and by from her village affairs, took off her hat, put on her apron, and busied herself with tea-making. I watched her cut bread and butter, as Werther watched Charlotte, and admired. It was deftly and quickly done; and, true enough, the fingers traveled about over the uneven surface of the loaf as stone-crop embraces a boulder. She was tall for a woman, and had large, capable hands, tanned by the sun to a warm brown on the back, well shaped certainly. The fingers were long and flexible, narrow, but not pointed at the tips, which were as sensitive, or seemed so, as the horns of a snail. They worked and felt about for holding ground just in a snail's way. I saw that, as her husband had said, each had its appointed office; that, as in a boat's crew, each pulled its full weight; and I wondered if that was not the case with every child of Eve. Study afterwards convinced me that indeed it was not. My own hands, to go no further afield, are grotesquely clumsy. There seems to be no tactile virtue in my fingers at all. If I try to pick up a postage stamp I must claw it with my nails; if I want to take an envelope from the rack I must always bring out two. As for cutting bread and butter — what a botchery, what a butchery!

With her knitting, which occupied her after tea, the same activity of all the fingers was very noteworthy. The ring-finger was particularly adept, and with most of us it is the drone of the bunch. While she knitted she conversed with me, sitting at the open door of the cottage. Like all beautiful women, she was sparing of speech but by no means tongue-tied. Her talk, like her movements, was natural, unconscious, in harmony with herself. Though she had no general ideas, she was not unwilling to receive them, and was quick to give them particular application to things and persons of her acquaintance. And presently one thing struck me — her favorite word. It was 'manage.' When I had offered to carry out the tea-things to the scullery for her she thanked me with a smile, and said that she could manage. When it was a question of a boy under a cloud and the vicar who was going to discharge him from the choir, she looked shrewdly out and thought that she could manage the vicar. She dropped a stitch in her knitting — and managed. She managed everything, and most bodies, so easily.

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No word was more often on her lips. Then etymology threw a beam of light. Manage — *manége* — handling. I was hugely pleased with my discovery. My friend took it as a matter of course. But it was getting late, and the time had come for me to go.

I had to walk round by the bridge in order to reach the starting-place of the motor-omnibus. In time, therefore, I was again in full view of my friend's cottage, removed from me now by the width of the river and valley-bottom. It stood up bravely on its high bank, full in the setting sun. The stone was warm gray, the thatch pale gold. The door was still open, and as I looked across the water-meadows toward it my recent hostess came out, a pannikin of chicken-food propped against her hip, and stood for a moment to look, shading her eyes from the sun. Presently she saw me, and waved her hand — that strong, large, good hand, so careful over many things and so capable. It is very possible my friend was right; that the energy of her handiwork was a radiant energy.

AN ICONOCLAST IN STRATFORD

BY E. NESBIT

From *The New Witness, April* 29
(NATIONALIST AND CHESTERTONIAN WEEKLY)

AMONG the crowds who throng the streets of Stratford and lay wreaths on the grave of Shakespeare, gaze awed upon birthplace and relics, and make pilgrimages to the Grammar School and Anne Hathaway's cottage, how many can give any reason for the faith that is in them? Your true bigot will say that it is not for the faithful to sift evidence — 'Who am I, the worm, to argue with my Pope?' — but to accept all these things on the authority of . . . well, of the recognized Authorities. Yet it is at least interesting to examine the bases on which the authority rests.

The birthplace, now — the house where Shakespeare was born, revered spot hallowed by the most sacred associations: who can climb its narrow stairs and tread its uneven boards, unmoved? Well, I can, for one. Because I cannot find the slightest shadow of evidence that Shakespeare was born in this house. True, John Shakespeare, William's father, had a house in Henley Street, but it was a copyhold house, and the house shown as the birthplace is freehold. John bought two freehold houses, but he bought them eleven years after William's birth. Besides, when Garrick arranged his famous Shakespeare Jubilee in 1769 several houses were at once pointed out as *the* house. Controversy raged, and the matter remained in dispute till the beginning of last century, when one of the houses retired from the contest by falling down, and the advocates of the Henley Street house managed to silence the advocates of the third birthplace. So here we are.

At a meeting held at Stratford in 1847 an appeal was made for funds

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to purchase for the nation the *probable* birthplace of Shakespeare. But a thoughtful speaker pointed out that no one would subscribe to buy a *probable* birthplace, so that tell-tale word was struck out. At the sale of the premises in September, 1847, the auctioneer denounced all doubts on the subject as 'sacrilegious,' which shows that there *were* doubts.

So with Anne Hathaway's cottage. In 1709 Rowe says she was the daughter of a yeoman in the neighborhood of Stratford. In 1750, Mr. Greer says she was '*probably* of a place called Luddington.' Later on she lived '*probably* at Shotteriche.' Mr. Greer then points out the very house at Shotteriche where *probably* she lived, but it was not the same house that is pointed out now! It was left for Ireland, the father of the notorious forger of Shakespearean documents, to fix on the cottage which is now the object of pilgrimage. And there we are again.

The Grammar School, too. There is not a shred of evidence that Shakespeare was ever at school at all (if you except the internal evidence of his mighty works), and no shadow of a reason for believing that he ever entered the door of Stratford Grammar School. The desk which is shown as his is a comparatively modern desk, and resembles those used in the eighteenth century by *ushers*, but never by school-boys.

And this brings us to the relics, enshrined in the birthplace. Shakespeare's chair, sold to a Russian lady, and removed to Russia, left such a blank that another Shakespeare's chair had to be found — and was found. Shakespeare's tobacco-box — is that still among the relics? And his sword that he wore when he played Hamlet? Is that still there? And his ring, his own gold ring with W. S. on it as large as life, and as good as new. A woman found it near the church in 1810. It was lying on the ground — just like that — and she picked it up. No one else had noticed it, though it must have been lying there since William dropped it nearly two hundred years before. But the Stratford people are not observant. I cannot find a single authentic relic in the whole museum, except the poet's printed works, but the worshipers worship there just the same.

Note now the facts from which Henry James elaborated his wonderful story 'The Birthplace.'

Mr. Joseph Skipsey, who was for a long time custodian of the 'birthplace' and the 'relics,' highly esteemed and placed there on the recommendation of Mr. John Morley, suddenly resigned his position and left Stratford. He gave no reasons, but he wrote his reasons in a letter which he gave to a friend, not to be made public until after his death. He died in 1903, and the contents of his letter was printed in the *Times*. He resigned, in effect, because he was disgusted with the innumerable frauds to which he found himself committed in the discharge of his duties at Stratford. As to the 'relics,' he said they had become, on investigation, 'a stench in his nostrils.'

The history of the so-called portraits of Shakespeare is full of surprise and charm, the most engaging incident being that of the 'undoubtedly authentic portrait of the bard,' which, on being reverently cleaned, yielded to the soap and water and disclosed beneath the later paint the portrait of an elderly lady in blue Victorian cap and ribbons!

Why, you may ask, in the face of all this are the birthplace and the cottage and the relics and the rest of it still used to fool the tourists? For just that reason — that they *do* fool the tourist and make him spend his money in Stratford. Stratford lives on the open-mouthed credulity of its visitors. And you can't expect the Stratford trades-

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people and those who gain a reflected glory by living near Shakespeare's grave to examine too curiously into facts. Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

And yet it seems a pity that so much honest enthusiasm should be wasted on frauds and fakes. And, after all, what do the true believers want with this false be-tinselled shrine? Is there not Shakespeare's true shrine, his glorious works, which, as he himself foresaw, 'marble and the gilded monument of princes' shall not outlive?

About the authenticity of such relics as Hamlet and Lear there is no doubt; they bear in them the signet-stamp of immortal genius. Can we not honor the man who wrote them, without wasting enthusiasm on rings that he never wore and snuff boxes he never touched? And if we must have some material object for our devotion there is always the gravestone in the chancel of Stratford church under which lies Shakespeare's last secret.

We can at least lay our garlands there with clean hands and with honest hearts.

ORCHESTRATION FOR EVERYONE

BY PERCY A. SCHOLES

From *The Observer, April* 10
(Middle Ground Liberal).

The gramophone is the biggest aid to the man who wants to learn to listen that Providence has yet thought of. You can, according to your taste, use your gramophone merely to make your house beastly-tuney or gloriously-noisy, or you can use it to give you and your wife and children a new pleasure in life, and one of the biggest and purest. The gramophone companies, whilst not, I hope, entirely indifferent to your spiritual welfare, will help you to do either, but it will, I think, cost you no more to do the one than the other. Take chamber music; if there is one thing the ordinary man cannot understand, and can hardly believe that anyone really honestly enjoys, it is a string quartet. Absolutely the only reason for this is that he hears quartets too rarely to have learned to follow them and when he says there is 'no tune' in the piece, we know (if it is a good quartet) that there is lots of tune, but it eludes him. The trouble is that if he hears a particular quartet in 1921 it is probably 1923 before the same quartet comes his way again, and then he has forgotten it and his learning to listen to it has to start all over again. But with the gramophone he can domesticate a group of players, like the late Mr. de Coppet, the Swiss-American millionaire, who brought into existence the Flonzaley Quartet and had his regular times for music as he had his regular times for meals.

I have more than once, to my joy heard the Flonzaleys in that wonderful house in Eighty-fifth Street, and for long I used to envy its owner, but at last Fortune has smiled, and at this

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very minute, as I write, the London String Quartet are beguiling me with Mozart. And the beauty of it is that I go beyond Mr. de Coppet in my facilities; for whereas he would hardly dare to ask men like Ara, or Pochon, or Betti, or Archambeau to stop and 'play that little passage again four or five times,' I can do it without the slightest fear of giving offence. I do not need to do it with my Mozart as it happens, but when the Mozart is finished I shall dismiss the L.S.Q., and call in the L.S.O. (for here also I go beyond the millionaire) and hear the 'Poem of Ecstasy.' In that I shall doubtless want the repetition of many a passage, for 'Ecstasy' is such a mass of involved counterpoint and mingled and assorted orchestral colors that it would be presumptuous for me to pretend that in the five or six widely separated hearings of it my life has so far afforded I have taken in all its detail. And when I say 'Give me again the *allegro volando!*' the complaisant Coates will turn again to page nine of his score and I shall turn to page nine of mine, and once again we shall go at it, until at last I know the details thoroughly and see trees in places where before I saw but a wood; and then woe betide Coates, who will begin to be very sorry he ever allowed the Columbia people to beguile him into recording when he finds the *Observer* down on him after some concert at which that little first oboe theme on page eleven has been lost to the ear amongst the background of its counter-theme on the two flutes and piccolo, and its accompaniment of held-chord on the four horns, octave shake on the first violins, *pizzicato* on the second violins and violas, low fifth on the 'cellos, and gentle pervading *pianissimo* roll on the cymbals.

That, I am sure, is really the way to learn orchestration — to sit before the fire on winter evenings, or in the back garden on summer Sunday afternoons, with the gramophone beside you and an orchestral score in front of you, aiding eyes with ears and ears with eyes. It is the right way for the serious student who means to become a composer or conductor, and will teach him in a week more than books and scores alone would teach him in six months. And it is the right way for the ordinary intelligent concert-going enthusiast, or would-be understander of symphonic poems, Promethean and planetary, who can perhaps distinguish a hawk from a handsaw, but not so readily a goshawk from a falcon, or a cross-cut saw from a straight-toothed one; in other words, who knows a flute from a bassoon when he hears them, but hardly the lower range of a flute from a clarinet, or a viola from the lower range of a violin. And our concert rooms are full of such half-educated and would-be whole-educated music-lovers (when those rooms are nowadays full at all, that is to say), and their desire to learn is often pathetic.

But can the ordinary man make use of that strange collection of absurdly misleading symbols, a full orchestral score? I think he can, if he at all understands even the simpler musical notation. A great many English people can enjoy a good French novel without seeing in the language used all the subtlety of expression and minute implications of shades of meaning that a French reader would see and enjoy. And any amateur pianist or vocalist can get a good deal out of a full orchestral score without completely grasping the significance of all the bewilderingly different clefs and key-signatures which he, to his astonishment, finds in simultaneous use by the various members of the band.

The gramophone record I propose to use as an example of this new method of study is the 'Siegfried Funeral March.' The minature score of this you can get

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through any good music shop, price two shillings. Having procured your score, give it a little preliminary study. With real stupidity the publishers of scores jumble things as though it were their purpose to make things difficult for the amateurs on whose purchases they nevertheless so largely depend. Mr. Adrian Boult, in a recent lecture on score-reading, suggested that the bar-lines ought not to run continuously from top to bottom of the page, but be broken between the different groups of instruments. The Carnegie Trustees have had Vaughan Williams's 'London Symphony' and Bantock's 'Hebridean Symphony' so printed, and Scriabin's 'Prometheus' (but not his 'Ecstasy') has the same advantage.

Your score is one of the foolish, old-fashioned muddles, but you can clear it up wonderfully by ruling a thick pencil line (or, still better, a red ink line) underneath the lowest wood wind instrument and the lowest brass instrument on every page, for these lines will prove to be very useful guides to your unaccustomed eye. Next make up your mind that you are not (at this stage, at any rate) to attempt to read your score as a conductor does; you are merely to use it as a guide-book to intelligent listening. Thus you can safely put on one side all puzzles such as why varying key-signatures are used for the different instruments; indeed, if you notice these signatures at all you should use them merely as land-marks — for instance, the clarinets are in a key of their own, which enables you quickly to spot their position in the score, and the horns and trumpets are in the open key throughout, which helps you to recognize them more quickly. There is just one further little matter that may trouble you. These miniature scores are unfortunately still German productions, and a few of the instruments are given names that differ so much in appearance from the English names that if you are not even an elementary German scholar you may not easily guess at their meaning. The following little list will, however, help you out of this difficulty: — Becken, cymbals; Bratschen, violas, Harfe, harp; grosse Flöte, flute; kleine Flöte, piccolo; Pauken, kettledrums; Posaune, trombone; Rührtrommel, tenor drum. Of any other names used in the score you will readily guess the meaning.

Now put the record on the instrument and begin. Slow down the motor a good deal at first, so that you may have time to teach your eye to jump from line to line of the score, and to realize which instrument, or group or combination of instruments, has, for the moment, the leading part. This slowing down, of course, lowers the pitch, and hence somewhat alters the effects of the various instruments; still, it will for a little time be desirable. Sit beside the instrument with the score on a table, in such a position that you can stop and re-start the motor a dozen times in two minutes, if necessary, without making a labor of it. Whenever you come to a passage where any particular instrument or combination is especially clearly heard (and this piece is full of such passages), play it over and over again, looking closely at the score, and associating eye and ear in their respective perceptions of general notational appearance and tonal effect. As soon as you feel it to be wise, put back the *tempo* indicator to the proper figure (about 82 on my own gramophone). You are now fairly started in your study, and from this one score and this one (double-sided) record can learn a great deal of what you want to know.

If you prefer, you can begin with a simpler piece. Get from the publishers mentioned a list of miniature scores available, and from the catalogues of the various gramophone companies find out which of the pieces have been re-

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corded. You can, if you wish, buy records of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, complete, and its full score costs but four shillings. Or, still simpler, you can get two movements of Haydn's 'Surprise' Symphony. If you prefer to grade your study very educationally indeed, begin with the Haydn, pass to the Beethoven, and go on to the Wagner. If you then still sigh for unconquered worlds, there is the Scriabin 'Poem of Ecstasy' record, but its score is more expensive. I now leave you to a very pleasant task, claiming that I have shown you one of the best uses of the gramophone.

THE WILLOW

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

[*The Cambridge Magazine*]

LEANS now the fair willow, dreaming
Amid her locks of green,
In the driving snow she was parched
and cold,
And in midnight hath been
Swept by blasts of the void night;
Lashed by the rains.
Now of the frigid dark and bleak
No memory remains.
In mute delight sways she softly;
Thrilling sap upflows;
She praises God in her beauty and grace,
Whispers delight; and there flows
A delicate wind from the Southern seas,
Kissing her leaves. She sighs.
While the birds in her tresses make
merry;
Burns the sun in the skies.

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'MUST WE BURN DOWN THE LOUVRE?'

'MUST we burn down the Louvre?' inquires *L'Esprit Nouveau*, a new French art journal with pronounced Futurist leanings and in its sixth number prints the replies of the artists of Paris. A few of them take the inquiry seriously enough to respond at length, indignantly condemning the proposal; but most of them, even the advocates of tradition, enter into the spirit of the occasion to such a degree that the last eight pages of the magazine crackle even more than a conflagration in an art museum.

M. André Lévy, at the close of a long æsthetic defense of the museum, reminds the artistic incendiaries that 'The fear of the gendarme is the beginning of wisdom.'

Perhaps there is some doubt about the entire sincerity of M. D. Kakabadze, who replies to the editor, 'Burn it down? Why? A museum, like a cemetery, is a guardian of the past'; and also of M. Solé de Sojo, who writes emphatically, 'No, nothing but "La Jaconde" [Mona Lisa].'

Of course the *ateliers* of Paris swell the gay chorus in favor of the instant destruction of the famous museum:

'Of course, and the Lafayette Galleries too!'

'What! Has n't it been done yet, while we're talking?'

'Burn the Louvre? Why not destroy the Pyramids, too?'

'Certainly the Louvre must be burned! Not one stone must remain upon another. Let's have a glorious cremation and throw the ashes into the Seine.'

'"Ought one burn the Louvre?" Beyond a doubt. And with it all the historic monuments.'

'You can't burn the Louvre. But let's dynamite the Grand-Palais as soon as possible.'

'I see no need of burning the Louvre, but we ought to set up a stake there and reduce all imbeciles to ashes.'

'I think it would be better to sell our national collection to pay our national debt. There is a people possessing the necessary qualifications — total lack of comprehension, together with a kind of temperament; and a sufficient purchasing power. America — what do you think? Isn't she destined to acquire the Louvre?'

'It would be a little hasty to burn the Louvre. The antiquities as the flames licked them might murmur among themselves, "These moderns are decidedly short on invention. We used to know all about this sort of thing."'

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AN ESKIMO OPERA

ALTHOUGH only meagre reports have so far reached the United States, it seems fairly clear that Hakon Boerresen's opera *Kaddara*, presented a short time ago at the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, is an unusual work of real significance and in some respects unique. The scene is laid in Greenland, Eskimo costumes are used, and the lights of the aurora borealis play over the stage during the production. Arctic explorers who have seen the opera praise the fidelity of these effects.

The new opera has true musical merits as well as novelties in scenery, staging, and setting. The music is said to be vigorous, virile, and typically Scandin-

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avian. Reviewing the initial performance, the critic of the *Dagens Nyheder* of Copenhagen said:

'Awaited with keen anticipation, Hakon Boerresen's Greenland opera at last made its appearance at the Royal Theatre, last evening. Its success was most pronounced, for the composer here reveals the talent which, already displayed conspicuously in his *The Royal Guest* of last season, in the present work occupies a much larger field. It is really astonishing to witness this certainty in treatment of what may be considered Boerreson's Opus I in the dramatic-musical domain. The identical command over available means that he displayed at his debut as a symphony composer is with him now that he takes hold of the music drama.

'Very properly *Kaddara* is called "Sketches from the Folk Life in Greenland." In the four pictures unrolled before the spectator, joy and merry-making, baseness, and sentimental outpourings follow each other in rapid succession. The music accompanying the arrival of the *kayaks* at the boat-landing and the "Flensing Dance" is fresh and enticing. The same may be said of the "Hunting Dance," and it is not until the latter part of the third act that real dismalness sets in. After that comes the culminating effect in the "Witch Dance" where the orchestra does magnificent work and reaches almost incomparable heights of perfection.

'The costuming has much to do with the general effect of this opera. There is even the little detail of red ribbons tied around the top of the hair of unmarried women, blue ribbons for the married, and black for widows!

'The second act takes place in the home of the widows. Mrs. Lamprecht takes the part of a somewhat fantastic mother who bemoans the fact that her daughter has not been able to announce a new engagement for the long space of a week! The young lady, who does not wonder that a sensible mother feels angry over such a trick of fate, immediately begins to employ sorcery and presto! Wiedemann as Ujarak presents himself.

'He comes with such a rush that his *kayak* actually covers some twenty feet of solid ground before coming to a stop. At once the old mamma asks the visitor to make himself at home by removing his garments. In Greenland that is really done on such an occasion and during the rest of the act Wiedemann appears naked to the waist. He entirely forgets his former wife and marries the enchantress.

'In the following act Ujarak tires of his new find and his mother-in-law whose face resembles nothing so much as a piece of worn rubber used for erasing. The young woman, however, does not give up so easily and begins a *séance* in order to retain him with the aid of the spirits, but not even the ghost of Napoleon is able to hold him back. He goes. One may call this a transposition of Tannhauser to Greenland's shores.

'Hakon Boerresen had *Kaddara* ready for presentation almost four years ago, but on account of the war and the retrenchments thus made necessary at the Royal Theatre, the management of the great playhouse on the King's New Market could not present it. It was decided to let the matter rest until better times arrived. This was unpleasant for the composer, and in order to offset his disappointment somewhat he was asked to write a shorter opera which could be produced at once and at less expense.

'It was then that Boerresen got Svend Leopold to furnish him with a libretto based on a story by Henrik Pontoppidan. The result was *The Royal Guest*, sung for the first time on November 15, 1919. So far as the composer was concerned, then, *Kaddara* was his Opus 2 in music drama.'

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AN ENGLISH 'SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY'

Two American best-sellers of the last five years have dealt in realistic fashion with the life in small towns — *The Spoon River Anthology* and the more recent *Main Street*. Now comes an English writer, Mr. Bernard Gilbert, with *Old England*, a series of character sketches each a few lines in length, which he further elucidates with the title, *A God's-Eye-View of a Village*. The sketches are soon to appear in book form, though now running serially in *The English Review*. The work is presumably intended as a poem — at least the lines are of varying length and a lenient critic would be likely to call them 'free verse' and let it go at that.

Mr. Gilbert prefaces his poems with a few paragraphs by way of first aid to his readers, in which he intimates that, although Balzac failed to depict the France of his day, he himself has been able to set forth in a kind of literary instantaneous photograph, the exact state of a representative English village as it might in one moment be seen by the eye of God.

'To do this,' says Mr. Gilbert, 'I had to freeze my unit and exhibit it motionless. To show it in action would take as many novels as there are characters.'

Accordingly there is no action, and no hero, heroine, or villain, nor is one character any more important than another. Mr. Gilbert merely endows his reader with omniscience as regards the affairs of a village of 1500 souls, so that everything occurring is present to his mind at once. The 'instant' selected is a moment in one day — any day — 'toward the end of the German War.'

Mr. Gilbert disclaims any relation to the *Spoon River Anthology* which, 'though a strong and immensely striking work, is only a series of detached epitaphs,' for he explains that Mr. Masters 'made no attempt to present a community,' — a statement which may be open to question. Mr. Gilbert drew most of his inspiration from Bunyan, Defoe, and Landor, and found little help in Mr. Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts* or in Crabbe's *Borough*, both of which he examined while in quest of models. Having looked for predecessors and found none, he regards himself as the creator of the 'static form' in fiction.

Each of the series of character studies bears for title the name of the individual whom it pictures, and is preceded by a brief summary, much in the style of *Who's Who*, — certainly a new model in literature. The first sketch is devoted to the Earl of Fletton. A few of the other titles will give a general idea of the character of the work:

IV. Laura Cook. (Albert's sister. Age 38. Spinster. Lives with father. Salvation Army. Liberal.)

IX. Josef Borkman. (Clock-maker. Age 37. Married. Roman Catholic. Lodges with Harkers.)

X. 'Young' Lord Fitz. (Earl's second son. Age 19. Unmarried. Church of England. Conservative. Home on leave.)

XIII. Jesse Munks. (Pedlar. Age 38. Bachelor. Primitive Methodist. Labor. Bob Cutts's agent for Fletton. Lodges with the Atkinses.)

XXVI. Grandfather Waddy. (Old-age pensioner. Age 92. Widower. Atheist. Labor.)

XXXIX. 'Captain' Jameson. (Salvation Army officer. Age 43. Married. Conservative. Lodges with Albert Cook.)

CXXXIX. Mrs. Joseph Toynbee. Née Dring. Age 40. Primitive Methodist. Labor. Fourteen children, all living.)

In spite of the author's disclaimer, the work is strongly reminiscent of *Spoon River*. The method and the subject matter are identical, and the sordid atmosphere which permeates both books is very similar, though in *Old England* it has almost no relief. There

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were at least a few fine fellows in the graves at Spoon River, but Fletton Village is not so fortunate. In Mr. Gilbert's eyes, it is populated exclusively by fools and rogues.

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'THE SPECTATOR' AND MR. GEORGE ADE

MORE in sorrow than in anger — and perhaps a little bit in mirth — the London *Spectator* has reviewed Mr. George Ade's *Home-Made Fables*. The article is headed 'The English Language,' though the reason for the title is by no means obvious, since the anonymous reviewer makes it quite clear that what Mr. Ade writes is, if not Greek, at least American to him. But he consoles himself with the reflection that 'New words and phrases generally begin their career with a kind of apologetic giggle; they are used for comic effects and in inverted commas for a long time before we will allow them to have any grave import, and perhaps this is particularly true of American folk ways of speech.'

Presently, however, when this ill-fated reviewer essays himself to employ these devious American folk ways of speech, they quite overpower him.

He comments on the following remarkable sentence from Mr. Ade's pen: 'For several hours out of every twenty-four he would have the right Fin wrapped around Nymphs who were flossy beyond Compare,' and grows positively lyric in his enthusiasm. Nothing will do but he himself must employ so piquant an idiom.

'A peach of a sentence!' he cries· '"Flossy Nymph" is admirable.'

In the end he becomes apprehensive, and the concluding paragraph finds Mr. Ade's linguistic feats condemned: 'Horrible jargon! Perhaps fastidious readers will complain.'

Not this one! The review was better than the *Fables*.

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THE CAMBRIDGE 'PAVEMENT CLUB'

WITH the laudable purpose of lending 'verisimilitude to the rapidly disappearing illusion that university life is a life of leisure,' undergraduates at Cambridge University have organized the 'Pavement Club.' The Club meets at noon every Saturday, if the weather is fair, upon any centrally situated pavement, where the members sit in quiet conversation, perhaps reading newspapers aloud, playing marbles, doing a little knitting, or whiling away the hours by similar expedients which present themselves readily enough to the fertile undergraduate brain.

So great was the rush to join the first meeting of the Club, held on King's Parade, Cambridge, that the 'premises' of the Club had to be extended from the pavement to the road, and traffic diverted to another street. In the midst of the organization ceremonies, the Senior Proctor, the chief disciplinary officer of the University, appeared on the scene. No whit abashed, the members of the Club retained their seats on the pavement and, being still in need of a chief executive, elected the amazed official as their President!

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NOVEMBER

[*From the Russian*]

BY ETHEL DESBOROUGH

[*Dublin Review*]

WINTER is near, the golden leaves
Lie on the ground in wind-swept sheaves,
The scarlet berries light us still
As you and I go down the hill:

Go down the hill, while stars grow bright,
And hand-in-hand we meet the night:
Tears in my eyes you cannot see,
But let my silence speak for me.

THE RABBITS

BY ROBERT A. F. NICHOLL

[*The London Mercury*]

CREEPING down with careful tread
Lest I crackled the leaves dead
Or snapped the crisp twigs scatterèd
And made my presence known;
In a field that had grown hay
I came upon them there, and they,
Hearing not me, cropped away
Where aftergrass had grown.
Stealthily I cocked my gun,
Whistled loud to make them run,
Fired twice, and made one
Roll and tumble over!
When the sound had sunk in air
All we[illegible] the field was bare,
Say[illegible]e lying there —
O[illegible]er! . . .
[illegible]below,
[illegible]s aglow,
[illegible]go,
[illegible],

THE CIRCUS

BY E. W. JACOT

[*The London Mercury*]

AROUND the circus of my mind
The glittering thought-ponies go.
The great Ring-master cracks his whip
And puts them through their show.

A slim, high-flying acrobat,
Fancy, high above all these,
Underneath the tent's wide dome
Somersaults on his trapeze.

Love, the tight-rope walker, next
Flourishes her parasol,
But I scarce dare look at her
Lest she fall.

I wonder if Clown Laughter is
Nothing more than pantaloon,
Or is he God-sent to make mirth,
A divine buffoon?

But suddenly the loud brass band
Will cease; the lights will disappear,
And there will then be nothing but
The empty benches tier on tier.

THE DUEL

BY H. T. V. BURTON

[*The University Magazine*]

THREE steps behind the castle wall
The grass grows green to the river's brim.
One moment late he stepped aside; —
So that's the way that dead men sprawl? —
He stood so straight when he swore I lied,
Sable and scarlet, slim and trim;
And now there's the world for me — to hide —
And the clasp of the wet green grass for him.

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New Atlantic Books

THE FOUNDING OF NEW ENGLAND

By James Truslow Adams

This book is a consideration of early New England from the point of view both of British Empire and of American national development. New material, rendered accessible by the recent publication of English records, is used, and by a writer in whom sound scholarship and attractive workmanship are blended to excellent purpose.

Mr. Worthington C. Ford, former President of the American Historical Association, Editor for the Massachusetts Historical Society, historian and critic, writes:

> "Merely as a history, it is good; as a measure of the writer's ability, it takes a high rank; and as an attempt to cover the peculiar territory of New England, it is the best yet done."

Illustrated with facsimile documents and maps. *$4.00*

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